HOLLANDS LEAGVER.

A N

EXCELLENT COMEDY AS IT HATH BIN LATELY

and often Acted with great applauſe,
by the high and mighty Prince CHARLES
his Servants; at the private houſe
in *Salisbury* Court.

Written by SHACKERLEY MARMYON,
Maſter of Arts.

——— Vult hæc ſub luce videri,
Iudicis argutum quia non formidat acumen.

Printed at *London* by *I.B.* for IOHN GROVE,
dwelling in *Swan-Yard* within *Newgate*.
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To the Reader.

COurteous Reader (for ſo I preſume thou art) if otherwiſe, thou loſeſt the title of being ſtiled ingenious; for there are none but favour learning, if they ſo much as pretend to it: but I hope I neede make no apologie, either to gaine thy ſauour, or to credit the Worke, it has ſo often paſs'd with approbation, that I have hopes it will continue it. If there be any ſo ſupercilious to condemne it, before they read it, let them reſt content with the title, and not enter into the Theater, unleſſe they intend to behold the Florales. However, my Muſe has deſcended to this ſubiect; let men eſteeme of her, onely as a reprover, not an interpreter of wickedneſſe: *Occultare peccantis, promulgare ludentis eſt.*

Ariſtippus being compelled to dance in purple

againſt the dignity of a Phyloſopher, made an excuſe, that the baits of ſinne had no power on a good nature: and *Plato* having compos'd wanton Verſes, affirmed, that the more plaine they were, the more honeſt: and your former Writers, in their accurate diſcovery of vice, have mingled the precepts of wiſdome. If thou ſhalt accept this as it was ſimply meant, the applauſe it has obtain'd, ſhall not ſo much crowne it as thy acceptation.

SHACKERLEY MARMYON.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Philautus, a Lord inamord of himſelfe.	William Browne.
Ardelio, his paraſite.	Ellis Worth.
Trimalchio, a humorous gallant.	Andrew Keyne.
Agurtes, an Impoſtor.	Mathew Smith.
Antolicus, his diſciple.	Iames Sheller.
Capritio, a young Novice.	Henry Gradwell.
Miſcellanio, his Tutor.	Thomas Bond.
Snarle, } *friends to Philautus.*	Richard Fowler.
Fidelio. }	Edward May.
Ieffery, tenant to Philautus	Robert Huyt.
Triphœna, wife to Philautus.	Robert Stratford.
Fauſtina, ſiſter to Philautus.	Richard Godwin.
Milleſcent, daughter to Agurtes.	Iohn Wright.
Margery her maid.	Richard Fouch.
Quartilla, Gentlewoman to Triphœna.	Arthur Savill.
Bawd.	Samuell Mannery.

2 Whores. Pander. Officers.

Prologue.

Gentle spectators, that with gracefull eye
Come to behold the Muses Colonie,
New planted in this soyle; forsooke of late
By the Inhabitants, since made fortunate
By more propitious starres; though on each hand
To over-top us, two great Lawrels stand;
The one, when she shall please to spread her traine,
The vastnesse of the Globe cannot containe;
Th'other so high, the Phœnix does aspire
To build in, and takes new life from the fire
Bright Poesie creates; yet we partake
The Influence they boast of, which does make
Our Bayes to flourish, and the leaves to spring,
That on our branches now new Poets sing;
And when with joy her shall see this resort,
Phœbus shall not disdaine to stile't his Court.

HOLLANDS LEAGVER.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Fidelio, Snarle.

Fid. WHat *Snarle*, my deare *Democritus*, how is't?
You are a Courtier growne, I heare.
Snarl. No Sir:
Thats too deepe a mystery for me to professe.
I spend my owne revenewes, onely I have
An itching humour to see fashions.
Fidel. And what haue you obseru'd, since you came hither?
Snarl. Why they doe hold here the same Maxime still;
That to dissemble, is the way to live:
But promotion hangs all vpon one chaine,
And thats of gold; he that intends to climbe,
Must get vp by the linkes; and those are tyed
Together, with the thread of my Lords favor.
Fidel. So Sir.
Snar. And all desire to live long, and healthy;
But ambition and luxury will not permit it.
Fid. I hope you doe not share in their desires.
Sna. There is other preposterous dealing too;
For nature cannot finde her selfe amongst them,

There's such effeminacy in both sexes,
They cannot be distinguished asunder;
And for your times and seasons of all ages;
Your best Astrologer cannot discerne them,
Not Spring from Autumne; you shall have a Lady,
Whose cheeke is like a scrue, and every rinkle
Would looke like a furrow, yet with a garnish
Is so fild up and plaistred, that it lookes
As fresh as a new painted Taverne, onely

Fid. Hold there, you'll run your self out of breath else:
And now resolve me of the Lord *Phylamus*:
Is all that true that is reported of him?

Snar. Who, he? the most besotted on his beauty;
He studies nothing but to court himselfe;
No Musicke but the harmony of his limbes;
No worke of art but his owne symmetry,
Allures his sense to admiration.
And then he comes forth so bath'd in perfumes,
Had you no sense to guide you, but your nose,
You'd thinke him a Muske-cat, he smels as ranke,
As th'extreame unction of two funerals.

Fid. My sence will nere be able to endure him.

Sna. Such men as smell so, I suspect their savour.

Fid. Is none his friend to tell him of his faults?

Sna, There want not some, that seeke to flatter him;
For great mens vices are esteem'd as vertues.

Fid. O they are still in fashion: in them
A wry necke is a comely president:
Disorder, disagreement in their lives
And manners is thought regular, their actions
Are still authenticke, if it be receiv'd;
To be illiterate, is a point of state.
But the worst thing which I dislike in him,
Which he does more by words then action,
He gives out that the Ladies dote upon him,
And that he can command them at his pleasure,
And swears, there's scarce an honest woman.

Fid. How.

Sna. It is not well to say so, but by this light,
I am of his minde too. *Fid.* You are deceiv'd,
There are a thousand chaste. *Snar.* There was an age
When *Iuno* was a maide, and *Ioue* had no beard,
When miserable *Atlas* was not oppresst
With such a sort of Dieties, and each
Din'd by himselfe: before Vshers and Pages
Swarm'd so, and Banquets, and your Masques came up
Riding in Coaches, visiting, and Titles,
So many Playes, and Puritan preachings,
That women might be chaste; now 'tis impossible:
Now should I finde such a prodigious faith,
I'de honour't with a sacrifice.

Fid. Tis ill
To be incredulous, when charity
Exacts your beleefe: but let that passe:
What will you say, if I finde out a meanes
To cure him of his folly?

Snar. Then I pronounce
The destruction of *Bedlam*, and all mad folkes
Shall be thy patients.

Fid. Nay, I'll doe it:
I'll make him in loue, and doe it.

Snar. That's a cure
Worse then any disease. I can as soone
Beleeve a fire may be extinct with oyle,
Or a Fever coold with drinking of Sacke.

Fid. Suspend your judgement, till I confirme you.

Snarl. No more, stand by, here comes the Parasite.
That is *Narcisso*, and this is his *Eccho*.

Fid. What is he?

Snar. One that feeds all mens humors that feed him,
Can apprehend their iests, before they speake them,
And with a forced laughter play the Midwife,
To bring them forth, and carries still in store
A Plaudite, when they breake wind, or urine.
He fits his Master right, although he nere
Tooke measure of him, and though he has not beene

Farre from home, yet will lye like a Traveller.
Hee'll rather vex you with officiousnesse
Then you shall passe unsaluted: his businesse
Is onely to be busie, and his tongue's still walking,
Though himselfe be one of the worst moveables:
A confus'd lumpe leavened with knavery.
Stand by a little, and let's heare his discourse.

ACT. I. SCEN. 2.

Ardelio, Ieffry, Fidelio, Sparle.

Ard. *Ieffry* come hither.
Ieff. Sir, I wait upon you.
Ard. *Ieffry*, you know that I have ever beene
Indulgent to your knaveries.
Ieff. I thanke your worship, you have ever beene my friend.
Ard. Wink'd at your faults.
Ieff. True.
Ard. And the reason is,
Because I still am welcome to thy wife.
Ieff. Your worship may be welcome there at all times.
Ard. Honest *Ieffry*, thou shalt lose nothing by it.
You know my authority in the house: my Lord
Puts all the care into my hands, has left mee
The managing of his estate, because
I know the way to humour him.
Ieff. That is an evident to ken of your worships wisdome.
Ard. And none of them have any place or being,
Without my suffrance.
Ieff. Sir, you are of power to disperse us like attomes.
Ard. Therefore I expect the reverence is due unto my place.
Ieff. And reason good.
Ard. Well, for thy honest care,
I meane to substitute thee under mee
In all inferiour matters, for I meane
To take my ease, and pamper up my *Genius*,

An

As well as he, onely for entertainments,
Or any thing belongs unto the Kitchin;
Let me alone,

Ieff. Yes Sir, your providence
Has shew'd it selfe sufficiently that way.

Ard. I'll take the ayre in his Coach, eat of the best,
And for my private drinking, I will have
My choyce of Wines, fild out of vessels, whose age
Has worne their Countries name out, and their owne;
Like some unthankfull Hospitall, or Colledge,
That has forgot their Founder.

Snar. To what purpose,
I wonder, should Nature create this fellow?
He is good for nothing else, but to maintaine
The mutinie of the Paunch, against the members.
Keepe him from his Whore, and his Sacke, and you
Detaine him from his center.

Ard. By the way,
I will acquaint thee with a secret *Ieffry*,

Ieff. What's that, Sir?

Ard. I doe love a pretty Wench well.

Ieff. Tis the onely gentile humor that is extant.

Ard. I will not leave my recreation that way
For a whole Empire, 'tis my *summum bonum*,
My sole felicity, tickles my conceit,
But not a word.

Ieff. Not I by any meanes, Sir?

Ard. And for this cause, I meane t'apply my selfe
Wholly to my Venery. I feele this heat
Renewes my bloud, and makes me younger for it.
And thou shalt keepe one for me at thy house.

Ieff. Where, at my house?

Ard. I, there, a heavy burthen
Of fleshly desires, daily growes upon me;
And ease workes on my nature, once a weeke,
When I am ballasted with wine, and lust,
I'll saile to my Canaries.

Ieff. And unlade there.

Ard. Wilt keep her for me, & let none come neere her.
Ieff. I haue had such favour at your worships hands,
That should good fortune come in humane shape
To tempt your Mistris, I'de not let her in.
Ard. I'll procure thee the Lease of thy house free,
And when I haue done, I'll see it shan't stand empty:
Hast thou any good roomes for Stowage there?
Ieff. Spare roomes enough, Sir, why doe you aske?
Ard. Because I will convay away some Housholdstuffe.
That's not amisse.
Ief. No Sir.
Ard. Tis quite against my nature to see any *vacuum*.
Besides, 'tis not an age to be honest in.
Ieff. That's the high way to poverty.
Ard. I meane to make the benefit of my place therefore:
And when I haue done, I'de faine see all your Artists,
Your Polititians with their Instruments
And Plummets of wit, sound the depth of mee.
Ieff. It lyes not in the reach of man to fathome it.
Ard. Were I set in a place of Iustice now,
They would admire me, how I should become it;
Cough on the Bench of State, sit in my night-cap,
Stroke out an Apophthegme out of my beard,
Frame a grave City face, jeere at offenders,
Cry out upon the vices of the times,
O Tempora, O morum.
Snar. How the rancke Raskall
Is overgrowne with flesh and villanie!
Ard. This getting of monie is a mysterie,
Is to be learnt before a mans Alphabet,
No matter how, tis suppos'd, he that has it
Is wise and vertuous, though he be obscure,
A fugitive, and perjur'd, any thing,
He, and his cause, shall neither want for friends.
He is the chicke of the white Hen, old Fortune's
What ere he treads upon, shall be a Rose.
He shall be invited to his Capon, and Custard,
Ride to the Sheriffs a feasting on his Foot cloth,

Possesse

Poſſeſſe the higheſt roome, have the firſt carving,
With pleaſe you eat of this, or that, my Noble,
My Right Worſhipfull brother? your rich men
Shall ſtriue to put their ſonnes to be his Pages,
And their wiues to be his Concubines.

Ieff. Shall marry young ones a purpoſe for him.

Snar. Very likely.

Ard. No more, be gone, I heare my Lord a comming,
I'll ſend thee my Wench, marke me, keepe her cloſe:

Ieff. Beleeve it, not a breath of ayre comes neere her,
But what ſteales in at the window.

Ard. 'Tis well ſaid.

Ieff. But ſtay, Sir, will ſhe not be too great a charge
To keepe her to your ſelfe, what if you hir'd her
By the moneth, as your Factors doe beyond Sea,
And when ſhe is growne old and leakie, Sir,
Mend her i'th docke, and fraught her ore for *Holland*.

Ard. I, ore the water, 'twas well thought upon.
I thinke, and ſhee were trimd up, ſhee would ſerue
At laſt for ſuch a voyage well enough.
What wilt thou ſay, when I haue done with her,
If I doe make thee Maſter of my bottome?

Ieff. Who me? the divell ſhall be the Pilote firſt,
Ere I come neere their quick-ſands, their baſe roads.
They haue a dangerous Key to come into,

Ard. What ere the Key be, ſtill the dore's kept faſt.

Ieff. As ſtrict as an Aldermans at dinner time:
I, and the way to hell is growne ſo narrow,
A man's in danger to paſſe ore, for if
We reele beſide the bridge, ſtraight we ſhall fall
Into a Lake that will fouly dight us,
Darker and deeper, then *Styx* or *Cocitus*.

Ard. Well rim'd *Ieffry*, this knaue will come in time,
By being often in my Company,
And gleaning but the refuſe of my ſpeech,
T'arrive at ſome proportion of wit,
But to auoid ſuſpition, be gone. *Exit Ieffry.*
Now would I ſee the man that ſhould affront me.

My

My Lord will straight be here, I'll entertaine him,
And talke as supercilliously, and walke
As stately, as the Warden of a colledge,
Vntill I haue made a right Pupill of him.

ACT. I. SCEN. 3.

Snarle, Fidelia, Ardelio.

Snar. HOw now *Ardelio*, what? so melancholy?
Ard. Faith all this day I haue bin so imploid
With setting things in order, and provisions,
I can compare my paines to nothing lesse,
Then a Lord Generals.
Snar. Why what's the matter?
Ard. Things must be ordered, and there's nothing
Done, unlesse I ouersee it; my industry
Must marshall the Dishes, put the Stooles in ranke,
See the Wood set upon the carriages,
Sharpen the Knives; all these witnesse my care
The very shining of the Candlesticks
Acknowledge my directions.
Snar. Tis much,
The strange activity that some men haue
To dispatch businesse.
Ard. Why Sir, did you never
Heare how *Apelles* pictured *Homer* spewing,
And all the Poets gaping to receive it?
Snar. Yes, and what then?
Ard. In the same manner doe I,
Vpon the Hushers, the Clarks, and the Butlers,
The Cookes, and other Officers, 'mongst whom
I finde to be a drought of understanding,
Showre downe the dregs of my counsell.
Snar. They are like to be well edified.
Ard. Here comes my Lord, make roome for my Lords grace.

ACT. I. SCEN, 4.

Philautus, Triphana, Trimalchio, Ardelio, Snarle, Fidelio.

Ard. GOd save your honour, may your flourishing youth
Enioy an everlasting spring of beauty,
And know no Autumne.
Philau. Thankes good *Ardelio*:
Your wishes haue effect, this is the tree,
Vnder whose shadow *Flora* builds her Bower,
And on whose branches, hangs such tempting fruit,
Would draw faire *Atalanta* from her course;
An Altar, on which Queenes should sacrifice
Their scorned loves: Nature will scarce beleeve,
It is her owne invention, and repines
She has no way to be incestuous.
Triphe. Mr. *Trimalchio*, I am sicke to heare him.
I can't abide these repetitions,
And tedious *Encomiums* of himselfe:
Let you and I walke a turne in the Garden.
Trim. You are the onely Garden of my delight,
And I your deare *Adonis*, honour'd Lady.
Exeunt Trimalchio, Triphana.
Philau. *Ardelio*, tell me how this suit becomes me?
Ard. Exactly well, Sir, without controuersie,
And you weare it as neatly.
Philau. Nay I have
A reasonable good Taylor, I hope he has not
Survayd me so long, but he knowes my dimensions.
I thinke, I may venter i'th presence with it.
Ard. I'th presence, I, and *Iove* were in the presence,
You'd thrust *Ganimede* out of his office.
Philau. What thinke you Gentlemen?
Fid. We all doe wish,
Your beauty, or your vanity were lesse.

For by this meanes, that which would elſe commend you,
Proves your diſgrace, you take the edge of prayſe off,
Is due to you, by too much whetting it.

Philan. I ſhould prove too injurious to my ſelfe,
Should I paſſe over, with a ſlight regard,
This building, Nature has ſolemnized
With ſuch Magnificence, to which I owe
The loves of Ladies, and their daily preſents,
Their hourely ſolicitations with letters,
Their entertainments when I come, their plots
They lay to view me, which ſhould I recount,
'Twould puzzell my Arithmeticke, and to anſwer
Their uniuſt deſires, would aske the labours
Of ſome ten Stallions.

Ard. And make all jades of them.

Fid. You are the Center of all womens love then.

Philan. 'Tis true, I haue a ſtrange attractive power
Over your females, did you never heare of
Three Goddeſſes, that ſtroue on *Ida* hill,
Naked before a ſhepheard, for a Ball,
With an inſcription; Let the faireſt have it.

Fidel. And what of thoſe?

Phil. Bring them all three before me:
If I ſurprize them not all at firſt daſh,
If they fall not together by the eares for mee,
Nay, if they runne not mad, and follow mee,
As if they were drunke with a loue potion,
Nere truſt a Prognoſticator againe.

Snar. But how if you ſhould chance to meet *Diana*?
Take heed of her, it is a teſty Girle,
A profeſt Virgin. *Phil.* 'Tis my ambition
To meet with her, to bath my limbs with her,
In the ſame Well, ſhoot in her bow, dance with her,
And get the formoſt of her troupe with child,
And turne the rape on *Iupiter*.

Snar. Fine yfaith.

Fid. It ſeemes that you are of opinion,
There is no text of woman-kinde ſo holy,

But

But may be corrupted, though a Deity.
Philan. Ardelio, tell me what thou doſt think of them.
Ard. Who I? hang me ſhould I be queſtioned
Now for my faith, concerning Articles,
Of womens chaſtitie, I ſhould bee burnt
For a ranke Heretike, I beleeve none of them.
Fid. But I thinke otherwiſe; and can iuſtifie it.
What if I bring you now unto a beauty
As glorious as the Sunne, but in deſire
Cold, as the middle Region of the ayre,
And free from all reflexion of luſt?
Philan. But ſhall I ſpeak with her, and tempt her to it?
Fid. You ſhall converſe with her, and ſhe ſhall feed
Your ſenſe with ſuch diſcourſive influence,
And a voyce ſweeter than the *Lydian* tunes
Love would bow downe his eare to, yet her blood
Shall runne as cold as Iulips through her veynes:
The ſpring-tide of her youth, ſhall ſwell with more
Delights, then there be drops in Aprill, yet ſhee
As chaſt as *Salmacis*, amidſt the ſtreames.
Her eye ſhall ſparkle like the Diamond,
And be as pure, her kiſſes ſoft and melting,
As the South wind; but undefil'd as heaven.
And you ſhall feele the Elementall fire
Of her unſpotted love, and grieve, and ſweare
Shee is ſo celeſtiall, and Divine a creature,
Thats onely hot in her effect, not nature.
Philan. Why ſuch an one would I converſe withall.
The Conqueſt will be greater, ſhall I ſee her?
Fid. I'll bring you to her.
Ard. He has a ſtrong beleefe.
I have no ſuch confidence, ſhe may be *Lucreſſe*,
And he' a fooliſh *Colatine* to brag of her.
But moſt of them, in playing faſt and looſe,
Will cheat an Oracle. I haue a creature
Before theſe, Courtiers licke their lips at her,
I'll truſt a wanton haggard in the wind.
Fid. This Lady is his ſiſter, and my Miſtris,

Yet both unknowne to him, ſome few yeares ſince,
Her father iealous of my love, becauſe
I was a Gentleman of no great fortune,
Sent her away, and charg'd her by an oath,
To marry none, till ſeven yeares were expir'd,
Six parts of which are gone, yet ſhee remaines
Conſtant to what ſhe promis'd, though his death,
Has partly quit her: To live in her ſight,
And not enioy her, is a heavenly torment,
But unſufferable, I muſt liue apart,
Till the præfixed minute be expir'd.
In the meane time, I'll worke by ſome good meanes,
To winne his love, and draw him from his folly.
But firſt by him, I'll try her conſtancy.
I muſt prepare her for his entertainment,
Becauſe ſhe will admit no Company,
Nor will be knowne to any, but my ſelfe.
Come Sir, let's goe, by that which ſhall enſue,
You ſhall affirme, what I relate, is true.

ACT. I. SCEN. 5.

Agurtes, Autolicus.

Agur. TIs a dull age this ſame, caſts not her eyes
On men of worth, Captaines and Commanders,
Victorious abroad, are vanquiſh'd at home,
With poverty, and diſgrace; they looke as bad
As *Brutus*, when he met his evill Genius:
Worſe, then they had beene frighted from the ruines
Of *Iſis* Temple; and you Sir, for your part,
That have beene brought up under me at my elbow,
A daily witneſſe unto all my proiects,
That might have got experience enough
To cozen a whole State, if they had truſted you.
Now to be wanting to your ſelfe, worne out,
No name, or title, but on poſts, and trenchers,

And

And dores, scor'd with a cole, in stead of chalke.
Are my hopes come to this?

Antol. What should I doe?
I haue no thriuing way to lye and flatter,
Nor haue I such dexterity of wit
As you haue (blest be heaven) to conuert
Blacke into white.

Agur. Nay, if you haue no will,
Nor power to free your selfe, you must resolve
To sticke in the dirt still.

Antol. Nor can I promise
The death of any by the Starres, I haue
No rich mans funerall to solemnize,
That left a guilt ring for my Legacie,
And his old Velvet jerkin to survive him.
I haue no secret boyles within my breast,
For which I am fear'd, no suit in Law to follow,
No accusation 'gainst a great man,
No house to let to farme, no tender wife
To prostitute, or skill to corrupt others,
And sleepe amidst their wanton Dialogues.

Agur. I cry you mercy, you would faine be still'd
An honest politicke foole, for all mens turnes
Seru'd but your owne; so leave off to be good.
For what is now accounted to be good?
Take a good Lawyer, or a good Atturney,
A Citizen that's a good Chapman;
In a good sense what are they? I would know:
Why a good Gamester, or a good Courtier?
Is't for their honest dealing? Take a good Poet,
And if he write not bawdy lines and raptures,
I'll not giue a pinne for him.

Antol. Would you haue me
Act the plagiary, and seeke preferment,
To be the drunken bard of some blacke stewes?
And thinke my destinie well satisfied,
When my shame feeds me, and at length expect
A Legacie, bequeath'd me from some Bawd,

In

In lieu of my old ſervice, or according
To the proportion of my *Hernia*.
Agur. Well I perceive that I muſt once more take you
To my protection, which if I doe,
I'll teach you better rules, you ſhall no more
Commit your miſery to looſe papers.
Nor court my Lord with Panegyricks, nor make
Strange Anagrams of my Lady: you ſhall not need
To deale for ſtale Commodities, nor yet
Send forth your privy Bils without a Seale,
To free you from your lodging, where you have
Laine in, moſt part of the vacation.
You ſhall no longer runne in ſcore with your hoſteſſe
For browne Toſts and Tobacco, but you ſhall leave
Your open ſtandings at the ends of Lanes,
Or your cloſe coverts in Tobacco-ſhops,
Where you giue ſtrickt attendance like a Serjeant,
Vntill ſome antidated Country cloake
Paſſe by, whom you moſt impudently may
Aſſault, to borrow twelve pence; but beare up
Stifly, and with the beſt.
Autol. How ſhall that be done?
Agur. We will not call *Tyreſias* from the dead,
To ſhew us how, as he did once *Vlyſſes*.
You muſt reſolue to learne vertue from others,
Fortune from me.
Autol. For that I'll make no ſcruple.
Agur. I haue a bird i'th wind, I'll fly thee on him.
He ſhall be thy adventure, thy firſt quarry.
Autol. What's hee?
Agur. A golden one, that drops his feathers,
That has receiv'd his patrimony, giues monie
For all acquaintance, when he firſt came up,
His onely ſearch was for prime Curtezans.
And thoſe he entertain'd for Miſtreſſes,
Onely ſometimes to drinke a health to them,
The Ladies too would uſe him for a cooler,
But they ſuſpect his ſilence, yet he uſes

Their names and titles as familiarly
As he had bought them, thou shalt looke him in,
And cracke him like a Nut.
Antol. Is he not the Sonne
To the rich Vsurer, that died so lately?
Agur. The same, that heap'd up mony by the Bush.l;
And now this studies how to scatter it.
His father walkes to see what becomes of it,
And that's his torment after death.
Antol. When shall I see him?
Agur. He is to meet me here within this houre,
Then take you an occasion to passe by,
And I will whisper to him privately,
And prayse thee, beyond *Pirrhus* or *Hannibal*.
You must talke, and looke big, 'twill be the grace on't.
Antol. What shall I turne a Roarer?
Agur. Any thing.
Broker, or Pandar, Cheater, or Lifter,
And steale like a *Lacedemonian*.
Observe what I doe, and fill up the Scene.
Enter Boy:
How now? what newes?
Boy. Sir, there's some five or six without to speake with you.
Agur. How, five or six.
Boy. Yes, Sir, and they pretend
Great businesse.
Agur. What manner of men are they?
Boy. They looke like pictures of Antiquitie.
And their cloakes seeme to have bin the coverings
Of some old Monuments.
Agur. They are my *Gibeonites*,
Are come to traffique with me, some designe
Is now on foot, and this is our Exchange time.
These are my old projectors, and they make me
The superintendent of their businesse.
But still they shoot two or three bowes too short,
For want of monie and adventurers.
They haue as many demurres as the Chancery,

And hatch more ſtrange imaginations
Than any dreaming Philoſopher; one of them
Will undertake the making of Bay-ſalt,
For a penny a Buſhell, to ſerue the State,
Another dreames of building water-workes,
Drying of Fennes and Marſhes, like the Dutchmen.
Another ſtrives to raiſe his fortunes, from
Decay'd Bridges, and woul'd exact a tribute
From Ale-houſes, and ſigne-poſts: ſome there are,
Would make a thorow-fare for the whole kingdome,
And office, where Nature ſhould give account
For all ſhee tooke, and ſent into the world.
But they were borne in an unlucky houre,
For ſome unfortunate miſchance or other,
Still come a'thwart them; well I muſt into them,
And feaſt them with new hopes, 'twill be good ſport,
To heare how they diſpute it, *Pro*, and *Con*.
In the meane time, *Antolicus*, prepare
To meet my Courtier.

Antol. I have my Q. Sir.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 1.

Agurtes, Trimalchio.

Agur. 'Tis neere about the time he promiſed.

Trim. Boy,
Goe and diſpatch thoſe Letters preſently.
Returne my ſervice to the Lady *Lautus*.
And carry backe her Watch, and Diamond.
Aske if the Dutcheſſe has beene there to day.
And if you chance to ſee the Lord her brother,
Tell him I'll meet him at the Embaſſadours.

Boy. I ſhall Sir.

Agur. What M. *Trimalchio*.
Yo'are punctuall to your houre.

Trim. Sir, for your ſake,
I can diſpenſe with my occaſions.

You'll

You'll not imagine what a heauy ſtirre,
I had to come to day.

Agur. Why what's the matter?

Trim. No leſſe then ſeven Geaches to attend mee,
To fetch me *Volens, Nolens.*

Agur. Pray from whom?

Trim. The Lord *Philautus*, and ſome mine Nobles,
Whoſe names, I am loath ſhould clog my memorie.
They ſtrove for me, as the ſeven *Grecian* Cities
Were ſaid to wrangle about the blinde Poet,

Agur. How got you rid of them?

Trim. I had the grace
To goe with none of them, made an excuſe,
T' avoyd their troubleſome viſitations.

Agur. How doe they reliſh your neglect of them?

Trim. I know not, yet I ſtill abuſe them all.

Agur. How? not abuſe them.

Trim. I meane laugh at them.
Some paſſages, ſome ſprinkling of my wit,
No otherwiſe, for which you little thinke
How I am fear'd amongſt them, how the Ladies
Are tooke with my conceits, how they admire
My wit, and iudgement, truſt me with their ſecrets,
Beyond their Painter, or Apothecary.
I'll tell you in a word, but 'twill perplexe you,
I am their *Laſcoopburus.*

Agur. Their Piſſe-pot carrier.

Trim. Their winged *Mercury*, to be employd
On meſſages, and for my company,
They ſweare it is the Element they move in.

Agur. You are happy, *Signior Trimalchio.*

Trim. I thanke my Fates, they haue not altogether
Envyed me the fruition of ſuch gifts
Are worth the taking notice of, beſides
Some ſpeciall helpes of our owne induſtry.
I lately ſtudied the *Economicks.*

Agur. What's that?

Trim. The ordering of my Familie.

I haue reduc'd it to a certaine method.

Agur. As how?

Trim. I'll tell you, since, my fathers death,
First thing I did, I casheir'd his old seruants;
And to avoid confusion, and expence,
I left the Countrie, to reuell it here.
I'th view of th' world, and in the sight of beauties,
And haue confin'd my selfe unto some certaine
Appendices, some necessary implements.
My single Page, my Coach, my Groome, my Foot-boy,
And my two pentionarie Whores.

Agur. And these
Are all your inventorie.

Trim. Stay, who comes there? *Enter Anselico.*

Agur. O 'tis *Anselico.*
My Noble friend, and brother of the Sword;
His stomacke, and his Blade are of one temper,
Of equall edge, and will eat flesh alike.
He walkes there melancholy; to shew that worth
Can passe unregarded, be proud to know him,
He is the shrewdest pated fellow breathing,
The onely Engineere in Christendome,
Will blow you up a Caracke like a squib,
And row under water: th' Emperour,
And *Spinola*, by secret intelligence,
Haue laid out for him any time this ten yeares,
And twice he has escap'd them by a tricke.
He is beyond *Dædalus*, or *Archimedes*,
But liues conceal'd like a Seminary,
For feare the State should take notice of him.
Machavill for policie, was a Dunce to him,
And had he liv'd in Mahomets daies, h' had beene
His onely Counsellor for the *Alcoran*:
He is newly come from *Holland*.

Trim. My bodie
Is all of an itch, to be acquainted with him,
Pray speake to him for me.

Agur. Nay more, he is able

To

To make you a perfect States-man in a moneth,
Able to be imployed beyond the Line.
Trim. You will for euer thrall me to your service.
Agur. Harke you, *Antolicus*, here's a Gentleman,
Who though he be the *Plebius* of the Court,
So absolute in himselfe, that the desires
Of all men tend towards him, and has power
Enough, to wander in the *Zodiacke*
Of his owne worth, yet craves your acquaintance.
Antol. I take, *Signiour Trimalchio.*
Trim. Doe you know me then?
Agur. By an instinct, Sir, men of quality
Cannot lye hid.
Trim. Indeed, my fathers name
Was *Malchio*, for my three additions,
Of Valour, Wit, and Honour, 'tis enlarg'd
To Mr. *Trimalchio*; this is wonderfull.
Agur. Alas, 'tis nothing, Sir, if you knew all.
No Ambuscado of the enemy,
No treachery, or plot, but he foresees it.
He was the first brought o're the mysterie
Of building Sconces here in *England*, a Trade
That many live upon.
Trim. A good Common-wealths man.
Agur. But this is certaine, once in a strait Leaguer,
When they were close besieg'd, their Amunition
And victuals, most part spent, he found a meanes,
To yeeld the Towne on composition.
Trim. Stand by a while, I must reward his vertues.
Sir, will you please t' inlarge your disposition,
T' accept a Curtesie, to binde me to you.
Antol. I doe not use to sell my liberty,
But that I see your face promise true bounty.
Trim. Haue you skill in the face, Sir?
Antol. I were not fit else, to be stil'd traveller.
Trim. How doe you find my looks inclin'd to State?
Ant. Sir, you haue won me to powre out my thoughts,
And I must tell you plaine, they are too loose,

Too ſcatterd, to pretend ſuch an *acumen*,
Too much diſplaid, and ſmooth, you muſt haue quirks,
And ſtrange *Meanders* in your face t' expreſſe
A State ſubtility, I'll make it plaine.
Hereafter, by demonſtration in the Opticks.
Trim. Who would haue loſt the opportunitie
Of getting ſuch a friend? Came you from *Holland*?
Autol. Yes, very lately.
Trim. Pray what newes from *Holland*?
Autol. *Holland's* beleaguer'd.
Trim. What all *Holland* beleaguer'd?
Autol. And wil hold out as long as *Buſſe* or *Bulloign*.
They haue their Mote and Draw-bridge, I haue giuen them
Beſides, a draft of a fortification,
Will hold them play this twelvemonth, for they keepe
Their paſſage open, and want no ſupplies,
For whoſoeuer comes, they pay them ſoundly:
The French have made many onſlats upon them,
And ſtill beene foyld.
Trim. Is there ſuch hot ſervice there?
Autol. Croſſing the Line's a Bath to it, I had like
Beene ſcorcht to death with the intemperature
Of the Climate, 'tis the onely *Zona torrida*,
In the whole microcoſme of man or woman,
If you ſhall once come neere the height of it,
'Twill melt you like Lightning.
Trim. Shal's build a Sconce there?
Autol. If you pleaſe.
Trim. Agreed, who is the Leader of
Theſe factious troupes?
Autol. A woman.
Trim. How, a woman?
Now by t is hand, an *Amazonian*,
A *Tomaris*, a right *Penthſile*.
I'll view this Leaguer by this light, and ſwim
Like a *Leander* o're the *Helleſpont*,
That ſhall divide me from theſe *Heroines*.
Agur. 'Tis well reſolu'd, you are not married Sir?

Trim.

Trim. No pox, I know them all too well for that:
I can vſe them for recreation, or ſo.
Agur. What thinke you of a rich Widow?
Trim. I'll none of them,
They are like old cloathes that haue beene worne.
Agur. I like you, that you care not for ſuch relicks;
But yet I thinke I have a match will fit you,
An Orphan, a young heire, that has ſome thouſands,
Beſides her poſſibilities, if you
Can win her, ſhe is at her owne diſpoſing,
There's one that knowes her.
Trim. By inſtinct, it may be.
Autol. But for the patterne of true modeſty,
'Tis ſeldome knowne, riches and vertue meet
In ſuch a mixture.
Trim. Will you bring me to her?
Agur. I, and perhaps perſwade her to't, you know not
Let us ſecure this buſineſſe firſt of all,
And then wee'll meet at the Leaguer.
Autol. 'Tis good counſell.
Trim. And I'll confirme all with a joynture.
Agur. Well,
'Tis done,
I'll tell you more of her, ſhee is one
Whoſe tender yeares have not as yet aſpir'd
The height of wickednеſſe, but may be brought
To commit venery in her owne language,
And be content with one man, has not rob'd
Young boyes of their voices, knowes not her ſlights,
And doubles, nor her Labyrinths, through which,
The *Minotaure* her husband ſhall nere tracke her,
Cannot indite with ar, nor giue a cenſure,
Vpon the lines are ſenth er, has no agents,
No factors, pentioners, or Champions,
Nor has her teares fixt in th ir ſtation,
To flow at her command, and ſo confirme
Her perjury: not large in her expence, nor one
That when ſhe is dreſt, will call a conventicle

Of young, and old, to paſſe their iudgements on her,
As if her life were gag'd upon the matter,
Nor carries an *Ephemerides* about with her,
To which ſh' aſcribes your forked deſtinie,
Nor is her body crazie, neither takes ſhee
Phyſicke for ſtate, nor will riſe up at Midnight
To eat her Oiſters, and drinke Wine, till luſt
Dance in her veines, and till the houſe turnes round,
And ſhee diſcerne not 'twixt her head and taile.
Nor holdeth ſtrange intelligence abroad,
To furniſh her diſcourſe with, neither takes ſhee
Her journie once a yeare to'th Bath, nor is
So learned, as to iudge betwixt your Poets,
Which of them writes beſt, and fluenſt, nor yet
Is growne an Antiquary, to decide
Matters in Heraldry: ſhe has no focus,
To catch your lips like Birdlime, nor yet uſes
Reſtoratives, more then the helpe of nature;
I'll ſpeake the nobleſt words I can, of you:
So many women on a meere report,
Doe fall in love with men, before they ſee them.

Trim. Nay, when I ſee her, I am ſure of her.
I haue a little haſt, I am to meet
A Counteſſe at th' Exchange within this houre.
Beſides, I haue a Catalogue of buſineſſe,
If I could thinke on't: ſo I take my leaue,
Farewell Gentlemen.

Antol. Farewell Sir.

Agur. Farewell ſweet M. Coxcombe.
This Wench I ſo commended, is my daughter.
And if my skill not failes me, her I'll make
A Stale, to take this Courtier in a brake.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 2.

Fidelio, Fauſtina.

Fid. IS there no meanes t' abſolue you of your oath?
The blame on me, let the bright day no longer

Envy

nvy the darkeneſſe, that conceales ſuch beauty:
You are no Votarie, and yet force your youth
To ſuch a ſtrict and ſolitary life,
Which others bound by vow, cannot performe.
I wonder at the temper of your blood,
So differing from your Sexe, when your old women
Doe burne with luſtfull thoughts, as with a Feaver,
Yet you goe on, in the old track of vertue,
Now overgrowne with ſeeds of vice.

Fauſt. Sweet heare me;
It is a penance that I liue reſerv'd,
Becauſe my loue to you was made abortiue,
But when due time ſhall perfect in her wombe,
And bring it forth anew unto the birth:
I will ſurrender up my ſelfe, and it,
To your diſpoſe: Let it ſuffice the while,
I am no haunter of your publike meetings,
No entertainer, nor no viſiter.
Nor did I euer truſt my wandring eyes,
To view the glittering vanitie of the world,
Nor euer yet did fit a guilty witneſſe
To a laſcivious, and untun'd diſcourſe,
Sounding to their phantaſtick actions.

Fid. But I muſt beg one favour at your hands,
And ſuffer no repulſe.

Fauſt. What is't? *Fid.* It may offend you.

Fauſt. It ſhall not.

Fid. Then know that I have boaſted of your beauty.
Nay more, expos'd thy vertues to the triall.

Fauſt. You haue not proſtituted them on Stalls,
To haue the vulgar fingers ſweat upon them,
As they doe vſe upon your Plaies and Pamphlets?

Fidel. I am engag'd to bring a Lord to ſee you.

Fauſt. A Lord.

Fid. And you muſt uſe all art for his content,
With Muſicke, Songs, and dancing, ſuch as are
The ſtirrers of hot appetites.

Fauſt. Prophane,

And idle wretch, to caſt away thy hopes,
Vpon a Pandarly profeſſion.
Or didſt thou thinke, that I could be corrupted,
To perſonate a Strumpets dalliance?
I grieue for thee. Be gone, henceforth I'll liue
Immur'd for euer, as an Anchoriſt,
From him, and thee, ſince thou haſt wrong'd my loue.
Fid. Miſtake me not, the difference 'twixt the Poles
Is not ſo great, as betwixt me, and baſeneſſe:
Nor is't a ſiniſter intent to make
Your favours ſtale, and common as a drugge,
Which are ſo deare to me, that both the *Indies*
Are not of equall value to ingroſſe,
But for a noble and peculiar end.
Fauſt. This ſeemes to me a Paradox. *Fid.* 'Tis true.
Fauſt. If it be ſo, 'tis granted, ſpeake it free.
Fid. Then if you pleaſe to grant reliefe
To my deſires, take them in briefe;
I would haue you firſt expreſſe
All the skill that comelineſſe
Can invent, to make you ſeeme
Faire, and pleaſant, as loves Queene,
When ſhee *Anchiſes* came to kiſſe
On the Bankes of *Simois*.
Call the graces, and ſuborne
Them thy beauty to adorne,
Thy face, the table where loue writes
A thouſand ſtories of delights:
Make it all over, ſmooth and plaine,
But ſee you ſhadow it with diſdaine.
Weave a net out of thy haire,
A ſubtle net, that may enſnare
Such fond ſoules as ſhall aſpire
To come neere the holy fire
Of thine eyes, which were of late,
By *Cupids* torch illuminate.
Vſe all the deluſiue art
That may captiuate his heart.

Fauſt.

Fauſt. What's your intent in this?

Fid. I'll haue him puniſht.
He caſts aſperſions of diſloyalty,
On all your ſexe, and you ſhall vindicate them
When he is plung'd inlove irrevocable,
As conquerd by thy all-ſubduing looke,
Then you ſhall binde him to conditions,
As I ſhall firſt inſtruct you, ſhall redeeme
Him from his folly, and next cleare your honour.

Fauſt. Your wi l's a law, and ſhall not be withſtood,
When my ill's quited with anothers good.

ACT. 2, SCEN. 3.

Agurtes, Antolicus, Margery.

Agur. Margery, goe call your Miſtris.

Antol. What is ſhee?

Agu. My daughters maid, a wench fit for the purpoſe,
Cunning as a Whore: beſides, I haue prouided
A bed, and hangings, and a caſting bottle,
And once a day a Doctor to viſit her.

Enter Mileſcent.

Mill: ſcent come hither, know this Gentleman.
Captaine, here lyes our venter, this is ſhee,
The rich *Antonio's* daughter, the great heire,
And Neece to the grand *Sophies* of the City;
That has beene wood and ſued to by great Lords,
Aldermans ſonnes, and agents of all ſorts.
Thus we haue ſpoke thy prayſe, wench, has not ſeene
The man ſhe likes yet, but her fortunes may
Ordaine her to ſome better choyce, to the making
Of ſome deſeruing man, which muſt needs be
Trimalchio, and no other; how lik'ſt thou her?

Antol. Hang me, ſo well, I thinke you may goe on,
In a right line, ſhe is worthy of a better.
Few of your moderne faces are ſo good.

Agur. That's our comfort, ſhee may put a good face on't.

Miſſ. Let me alone, Sir, to be impudent,
To laugh them out of countenance, looke skirvy,
As a Citizens daughter new turn'd Madam.
Marg. I warrant yon, Sir, my Miſtris, and I,
Haue practiſed our Lirripoope together.
Agur. Thou muſt inſinuate ſtrange things into her
Both of her vertue and Nobility,
The largeneſſe of her dowry, beſides Iewels,
Th' expected death of her old grandmother,
That has a bleſſing for her, if ſhe marry
According to her minde, keepe him at diſtance,
Make him beleeue, 'tis hard to haue acceſſe,
And wait the happy houre, to be let in
At the backe doore.
Marg. I, and the fore-doore too.
Autol. Thou haſt a noble wit, and ſpirit, wench,
That neuer was ordaind for any skinkard
T' ingender with, or mechanick Citizen,
Vnleſſe it were to Cuckold him, thou ſhalt
Be ſtill i'th front of any faſhion,
And haue thy ſeuerall Gownes and Tires, take place,
It is thy owne, from all the City wires,
And Summer birds in Towne, that once a yeare
Come up to moulter, and then go down to'th Country
To jeere their neighbours, as they haue beene ſerv'd.
Agur. Nay more, if you can act it handſomely,
You'll put a period to my undertakings,
And ſaue me all my labour of proiecting,
As putting out my monie on returne,
From *aqua pendente*, or ſome unknowne place,
That has as much adoe to get a roome
I'th Map, as a new Saint i'th Kalender.
'Twill dead all my deuice in making matches,
My plots of Architecture, and erecting
New Amphitheaters, to draw the cuſtome
From Play-houſes once a weeke, and ſo pull
A curſe upon my head from the poore ſcoundrels.
'Twill hinder to the gaine of Courtiers,

Put

Put on by me, to begge Monopolies,
To haue a ſixt ſhare in the buſineſſe,
Nor need I trample up and downe the Country,
To cheat with a Polonian, or falſe rings,
Nor keepe a tap-houſe o'th Banke ſide, and make
A ſtench worſe then a Brew-houſe, 'mongſt my neighbours,
Till I am growne ſo poore, that all my goods
Are ſhipt away i'th bottome of a Sculler,
And then be driven t' inhabit ſome blind nooke
I'th Suburbs, and my vtmoſt refuge be
To keepe a bawdy houſe, and be carted.

Milleſ Nere feare it Sir.

Agur. 'Tis well, ſpeake for thy ſelfe, Girle.

Milleſ. If I doe not, let me be turnd to aſhes,
And they be buried in an vrne ſo ſhallow,
That boyes may piſſe into it, let me deale
In nothing elſe but making Sugar Cakes,
Oyntments, and Dentifrices: Let me ſerue
Seven yeares Apprentiſhip, and learne nothing elſe,
But to preſerue and candy. Let me marry
With a Pedant, and haue no other dowry
Than an old caſt French-hood. Let me liue
The ſcorne of Chambermaids, and after all,
Turne a dry-nurſe.

Antol. You ſhall haue trophies, wenches,
Set up for you, in honour of your wits,
More then Herculean pillers, to advance
Your Fame to a *non vltra*, that who euer
Shall read your hiſtory, may not attempt
To goe beyond it.

Agur. Well, prepare your ſelues
To entertaine him.

Antol. Faith you need not doubt them,
To manage the buſineſſe.

Milleſ. Let us alone.

Agur. We leaue the charge to your diſcretion.

ACT. 2. SCEN, 4.

Triphæna, Quartilla.

Quar. MAdam, in troth this griefe does not become you,
'Tis an ill dreſſing for ſo good a face,
Yet you purſue it with ſuch eagernesſe,
As if you were ambitiouſly ſad.
'Tis ſome invincible malignitie
Makes her untractable, deafe to all comfort.
What might I gheſſe the cauſe of this diſaſter?
Her Monkey and her Dog are both in health,
I thanke my providence, onely her Monkey
Is a little coſtiue, but I'll phyſicke him:
Sure her intelligence arriv'd too late,
About the laſt new faſhion, or the crime
Lies in the Sempſter, or it muſt needs be
Some other grand ſolecisme in her Taylor.
What if it proue a Capitall offence,
Committed by the tire-woman? but I beleeue
Some skiruy Ladie put it in her head,
To practiſe a State melancholy, that firſt
Begins in an imperious revolt,
And frowning, and contempt of her owne husband,
And what ſhe might recover by the Law
In caſe of ſeparation, or a nullity,
Which ſhe already has tooke counſell of:
Come it is ſo.

Triph. Nay tell me now, *Quartilla*,
Can I behold the current of that loue
Should flow to me with a prodigious courſe,
Runne backe to his owne head, to haue a husband
That ſhould grow old in admiration
Of the rare choyce he made in me, at laſt,
As if there were a barrennesſe and want
Of my perfections, dote upon himſelfe?
I could plot againſt him? Pre'thee *Quartilla*,

How,

How long haſt thou beene chaſte?

Quar. This chaſtity
Is quite out of date, a meere obſolete thing,
Cleane out of uſe, ſince I was firſt a Mayd,
Why doe I ſay a Maid? let *Iuno* plague me,
If I remember it, for I began
Betimes, and ſo progreſt from leſſe to bigger,
From boyes to Lads, and as I grew in yeares,
I writ my Venery in a larger volume.

Triph. Where's my brother? *Quar.* With his Tutor forſooth.

Triph. I thinke that dull *Prometheus* was aſleepe
When he did for me him, had he but ſo much
As the leaſt ſparke of ſalt that is in me,
He would ſee me righted.

Quart. He is very obtuſe,
And ſo are many of your elder brothers.
I carried all the wit from mine, when I
Was young, I'de haue look't a Captaine in the face,
Anſwerd him in the Dialogue, and haue ſtood
On tip-toe to haue kiſt him: But for your brother,
Doe not deſpaire good Madam, what although
His breeding be a little courſe, he may be
A Lord in's time, now he has meanes enough?

Triph. I ſent for him up hither to that purpoſe:
But yet I am aſham'd to haue him ſeene,
Or ſhew him publikely.

Quar. You haue prouided
A Tutor to inſtruct him, a rare man,
One that has poyſon'd me with eloquence,
I feare he will make my belly ſwell with it.

Triph. Goe call the Novice hither, and his Tutor.

Exit Quartilla.

And now I thinke on't, Mr. *Trimalchio*
Shall take him ſtrait to court with him, to learne
And imitate his faſhions, ſucke from him
The Quinteſſence of education.
He is the onely man I know, and for
His face, it is the abſtract of all beauty.

Nor does his voyce ſound mortall, I could dwell
For ever on his lip, his very ſpeech
Would ſeaſon a tragedy; nay more, there is
A naturall grace in all his actions.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 5.

Thiphena. Quartilla, Capritio, Miſcellanio.

Triph. WHat are you come, tis wel, advance yet forward
We ever told you what a hatefull vice
This baſhfulneſſe was counted.
Quart. You forget
The *Theoremes* we told you. Lord how often
Shall we inforce theſe documents upon you?
Capr: May not a man buy a brazen face, think you,
Among all this Company?
Quar. By no meanes
Your Trades-men will not part with them, there are
Many i'th City haue ſuch furniture,
But they doe keepe them for their owne wearing.
Miſcel. Stand by a while, let me ſalute theſe Ladies.
Haile to theſe twins of honour, and of beauty.
Quar. Sir, you tranſgreſſe in your opinion,
If you conſider both, alas my beauty
Is much exhauſted.
Miſcel. Lady, you are deceiued,
For you are amiable, or elſe I haue
In vaine, ſo often exerciſed my iudgement
In the diſtinction of faces. *Quart.* I ſhall
Be proud to be ſo ſeated in your favour.
Triph. But tell me, *Signeour Miſcellanio,*
What thinke you of your pupili?
Miſcel. Troth I found him
As rude as any *Chaos*, ſo confus'd
I knew not which way to diſtinguiſh him.
He ſeem'd to me, not to participate
Of any Gentle Nature, never I thinke,

To

To faſhion out a *Mercury* with ſuch
A crooked peece of timber, was attempted
By a true traveller: but I hope in time
To rectifie him, for *Labor vincit omnia.*

Triph. Does he come on well, is there any hope
He will receive his true dye, his right tincture?

Miſcel. I warrant you, that I'll make him in time,
A perfect *Caveleiro*: he ſhall weare
His clothes as well, and ſmell as ranke as they,
And court his Miſtris, and talke idlely: that's
As much as can be required in a true Gallant,
T'approue him one: nay more too, he ſhall dance
And doe the halfe Pomado, play at Gleeke,
And promiſe more than ere he will performe,
And nere part with a penny to a Trades-man
Til he has beat him for't: ſhall walke the ſtreets
As gingerly, as if he fear'd to hurt
The ground he went on, whilſt his caſt downe eye
Holds commerce with his legge: ſhall utter nothing
What ere he thinkes, yet ſweare't what ere it be.
Nay more, he ſhall vow loue to all he ſees,
And damne himſelfe to make them beleeue it.
Shall fawne on all men, yet let his friend periſh,
For what he ſpends in one day, on his Punke,
For Coach hire: theſe are ſpeciall properties,
And muſt be often practis'd, to remember,
He ſhall neuer riſe till it be ten a clocke,
And ſo be ready againſt dinner time.

Caprit. 'Slight and my father had not bin an Aſſe,
I might haue beene able to haue writ this downe.

Triph. Pray let me heare how he has profited.

Miſcel. Salute theſe Ladies as you were inſtructed.
You muſt conceiue the coldneſſe of his courtſhip,
As yet points but one way; you may ſuppoſe it
To his diſdainfull Miſtris, when he ſhall come to
The *Cape de bone ſperanza* of her loue,
He may vary like the compaſſe of his complement.

Capr. Lady, the Fates haue led me to your ſervice,

To

To know my selfe vnworthy of your favours.
Yet let me so farre winne upon your bountie,
That what I utter in humilitie,
May not cause my contempt, or have my loue
Shak'd off, because tis ripe, but let me hang by
The stalke of your mercie, the remnant of whose life
Lies in your power.

Miscel. Your oath now to confirme it,
If she should chance to doubt, or presse you to it.

Caprit. That's true indeed. By the structure of your breasts,
And by the silken knot that tyes your haire
Vpon the top of your crowne, I protest it.

Quart. If he can persevere, tis excellent.

Enter Trimalchio.

Trim. Where be these noble Ladies?

Triph. Sir you are come in the most happy houre,
I was wishing for you.

Trim. I am in haste,
And onely come to see you r there's a banquet
Stands ready on the table, and the Lords
Sweare they will not sit downe, untill I come.

Trip. You stil are in such hast, when you come hither.

Trim. I thinke I must retire my selfe, I am
So sued and sought to, where I come, I am growne
Even weary of their loves: Last night at a Masque,
When none could be admitted, I was led in
By the hand, by a great Lord, that shall be nameiesse,
And now this morning early, in his Chamber,
A Fencer would needs play with me at foyles,
I hit him in three places, and disarm'd him.

Quar. Why now my dreame is out, I lay last night
Vpon my backe, and was adream'd of fighting.

Trip. Sir, will you please to know these Gentlemen,
My brother, and his Tutor.

Trim. I must craue pardon,
Is this your brother?

Triph. Yes.

Trim. I must embrace him.

I neuer ſaw a man in all my life
I ſo affected on the ſudden, ſure
There's ſome Nobility does lurke within him
That's not perſpicuous to euery eye:
He promiſes ſo faire, I ſhould haue knowne him
To be your brother, had you not told me ſo.
Miſcel. Your method now of thankes.
Capric. Right Noble Sir,
I haue ſo often times beene honour'd,
And ſo much madefied.
Quart. That word I taught him.
Capr. With the diſtilling influence of your bounty,
That I muſt blame my ſelfe, and my hard fortune,
That has envyed me the ability
To render ſatisfaction.
Miſcel. Very well.
Trip. Sir you muſt pardon him, he is but a Novice,
Newly initiated, and 'tis his fault,
That he is baſhfull.
Trim. Is that all? I'll take him
To Court with me, where he ſhall be acquainted
With Pages, Laundreſſes, and wayting women,
Shall teach him impudence enough.
Trip. 'Tis my deſire.
Quar. His Tutor has taught him the Theory,
Onely he wants the practike.
Trim. I pray Sir,
Without offence, may I demand of you,
What doe you profeſſe?
Miſcel. Why Sir, any thing
Within the compaſſe of humanity.
To ſpeake, or act, no *Pythagorean*
Could euer thinke upon ſo many ſhapes
As I will put you in; the *French*, the *Spaniſh*,
Or the *Italian* garbe; not any one,
But joyntly all, Ile make a perfect man
Out of the ſhreds of them.
Quart. Beſides the riding

Of the great Mare ; nay Sir, his very carvings,
Euen to the diſcecting of a Capon.
Are Lectures of Anatomy.
Trim. I ſhall
Be proud to know him.
Miſcel. Now I collect my ſelfe,
Sure I haue ſeene you Sir in *Padua*,
Or ſome face neere like yours.
Trim. I haue indeed,
Receiu'd letters of invitation
From one, that's ſonne to a *Magnifico*,
Who is inform'd that I am very like him.
Miſcel. There was the miſtake then.
Trim. Sir, had I power
O're my occaſions, which now are urgent,
I would moſt willingly imploy the time
In ſurvay of your vertues.
Miſcel. Sir, it has beene
The ſcope I euer aym'd at in my travels,
To ſeeke out, and converſe with ſuch as haue
With forraine obſeruations advanc'd
Their naturall endowments, and I thanke
My Starres, I haue beene euer fortunate
To be belou'd amongſt them, and that you
Are one, I make no queſtion.
Trim. Sir, you need not.
Miſcel. My mind was euer larger, than to be
Compris'd within the limits of my Country.
And I congratulate my Fate, in that
I come ſo neare the vertue of that planet,
That rul'd at my Nativitie ; whoſe nature,
Which e're it be, is euer to be wandring.
Trim. Sir, I muſt be abrupt, but for my promiſe
Vnto ſome Noble friends that doe expect me,
I could not eaſily be drawne away
From one in whom ſo many ſeuerall graces
Are ſo apparent, therefore I intreat you
Not to impute it to my lacke of iudgement,

Or neglect of your worth.

Miscel. By no meanes, Sir,
Friendship is turn'd into an iniury
When it usurps authority, conceiue me,
O're a friends businesse, some other time
Shall serue to giue a mutuall testimonie
Of loue betweene us, and how much I honour you.

Quar. When will you doe this?

Capr. I am practising.

Trip. Prethee *Quartilla*, helpe me stay them off.
Although they haue no mercy on themselues
Yet we must use some conscience.

Quar. Gentlemen,
You'l breake your wits with stretching them, forbeare
I beseech you.

Trim. My wit, it never failes me,
I haue it at a certainty: I'll set it
To runne so many houres, and when 'tis downe,
I can wind it up like a Watch. But I feare
I haue deceiu'd the time too long. Ladies,
I'll take my leaue of your faire beauties: you haue
No seruice to enjoyne?

Trip. You'll take my brother
Capritio with you.

Trim. If he please, and his Tutor.

Miscel. My suffrage shall consent to any thing
Her Ladyship approues.

Quart. You must remember,
You proue not refractory to your discipline,
'Twill be much for your improvement.

Trim. I'll bring him
Vnto a Captaine, shall set both our faces
To looke like the very *Ianus* of a States-man,
And so farewell. Come Sir.

Exeunt Trimalchio, Capritio.

Trip. I told you, *Signiour*,
What a rare man he was.

Miscel. In all my trauels

a ue not met the like; not any one
Was ſo mellifluous in his diſcourſe.
I thinke when he was young, ſome ſwarme of Bees
Did light upon his lips, as it was fain'd
Of *Heſiod.*
Triph. Let's in, for I ſhall mourne,
And be melancholy, till his returne.

ACT. 3. SCEN. I.

Philautus, Ardelio.

Phil. ARdelio, we are now alone, come tell me
Truly, how does the vulgar voice paſſe on me.
Ar. Why Sir, the ſhallow currents of their braine
Runnes all into one ſtreame, to make a deepe,
To beare the weighty burthen of your fame.
Phil. And 'tis all true they ſay.
Ard. That you are moſt faire,
A moſt exact, accompliſht, gentile Lord,
Not to be contradicted, 'tis a truth
Aboue all truths, for where is any truth,
That is agreed upon by all, but this?
Phil. Such is the force of beauty, there is nothing
Can pleaſe without it, and who euer has it,
As there be few, is adjndg'd happy in it.
Ardel. All this is true.
Philau. Then he that has a pure
And ſublim'd beauty, 'tis a thing ſenſible,
And cannot be denyed, muſt be admir'd,
And free from all detraction.
Ardel. This is true.
Phil. He that excels in valour, wit, or honour,
He that is rich, or vertuous, may be envy'd,
But loue is the reward of beauty; no obiect
Surpriſes more the eye, all that delights us,
We aſcribe beauty to it.

Ardel.

Ardel. All this is true.

Phi. Looke high or low, 'tis true, why are the ſtars
Fixt in their Orbes, but to adorne the heauens?
And we adore their beauty more than light.
Looke on the Arts, how they tend all to beauty,
'Tis their onely end: he that builds a houſe,
Striues not ſo much for uſe, as ornament,
Nor does your Orator compoſe a ſpeech
With leſſer care, to haue it elegant,
Then moving; and your Limner does obſerue
The trimme, and dreſſe, more then the rules of painting.

Ard. All truth, and Oracles. *Phi.* Look on a faire ſhip,
And you will ſay, 'tis very beautifull.
A Generall reioyces in the title
Of a faire Army. I'll come nearer to you;
Who were thought worthy to be deified,
But ſuch as were found beautifull? for this cauſe,
Ioue tooke up *Ganimede* from *Ida* hill,
To fill him wine, and goe a hunting with him.

Ard. 'Tis too much truth to be ſpoke at one time.

Philan. It ſhall ſuffice, but yet you know that man
May ſafely venter to goe on his way,
That is ſo guided, that he can not ſtray. *Enter Fidelio.*
How now, haſt thou obtain'd in thy requeſt?

Fid. I haue with much entreaty gain'd your admittance

Phil. Let me embrace my better *Genius*.

Fid. I doe not uſe the profeſſion.

Phil. 'Tis an Art
Will make thee thriue; will ſhe be coy enough?
To tell you true, I take a more delight
In the perplexity of woing them,
Then the enioying.

Fid. She is as I told you:

Phil. If ſhe be otherwiſe than I conceiue.
A pox on the Augury.

Fid. But harke you, Sir,
You need not be known who you are. *Phi.* For that,
Truſt to my care; Come let us goe about it.

Some men may terme it luſt; but if it hit,
The better part ſhall be aſcrib'd to wit. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 3. SCEN. 1.

Trimalchio, Capritio, Agurtes, Antolicus.

Trim. HOw goes our matters forward? *Ag.* Very well Sir.
For I haue made your entrance open; told her
All that I can to grace you, that you are
Exactly qualified, unparalleld,
For your rare parts of mind, and body, full
Of rare bounty, and that ſhe likes beſt in you,
Shee holds it a good argument you will
Maintaine her well hereafter, marry elſe
She is naturall covetous, but that's
A point of Huſwivery, ſhe does not care,
You ſhould ſpend much upon your ſelfe, and can
Diſpenſe with houſekeeping; ſo you allow her
To keepe her State, her Coach, and the faſhion,
Theſe things ſhe meanes to article beforehand,
I tell you what you muſt truſt to.

Trim. Very well Sir.

Agu. Now ſee that you be circumſpect, and faile not
In the leaſt circumſtance; you may doe ſomewhat
Extraordinary, at the firſt meeting.
For when ſhe has conceiv'd of your good nature,
The leſſe will be expected.

Trim. Why the Captaine
Has put me in a forme:

Agur. Of words he has,
But you muſt doe the deeds.

Trim. I, ſo I will.
For looke you Sir, I haue the ſeuerall graces
Of foure Nations, in imitation
Of the foure Elements, that make a man
Concurre to my perfection.

Ag. As how? *Trim.* I am in my compliment, an *Italian*,

In

n my heart a *Spaniard*,
In my diſeaſe a *Frenchman*,
And in mine appetite an *Hungarian*.
Agur. All theſe are good and commendable things
In a Companion, but your ſubtle women
Take not a mans deſert on truſt, they muſt
See and feele ſomething, what you giue her now,
You make her but the keeper, 'tis your owne,
You winne her by it: I ſhould be loath to ſee you
Out done with Courteſies: what if ſome Gull,
That has more land than you, ſhould interpoſe it,
And make eccliplſe betweene you? 'tis a feare,
Therefore you muſt be ſodaine, and diſpatch it,
For ſhe is ticklish as any Haggard,
And quickly loſt: ſhe is very humourſome.
Trim. I'll fit her then, I am as humourſome
As her ſelfe, I haue all the foure humors.

I am hot, I am cold,
I am dry, and I am moyſt.

Agur. I muſt be like the *Satyr* then, and leaue you,
If you are hot and cold.
Trim. Oh you miſtake me.

I am hot in my ambition,
I am dry in my ieſts,
I am cold in my charity,
And moyſt in my luxury.

Antol. Sir, for the Gentlewoman that is with her,
Not ſo much in the nature of a ſervant,
As her Companion; for 'tis the faſhion
Amongſt your great ones, to haue thoſe wait on them
As good as themſelues: ſhe is the ſole daughter
To a great Knight, and has an ample dowry.
Apply your ſelfe to her, though it be nothing
Elſe but to practiſe Courtſhip, and to keepe you
From ſleepe and idleneſſe.
Caprit. I ſhall be rul'd
By you in any thing.
Antol. You ſhall not doe

Amiſſe

Amiſſe then: what? you may get her good will:
And then obiect it to your friends; you can
Advance your ſelfe without their counſell.
Capr. Counſell;
I ſtill ſcorn'd that.
Trim. Captaine, a word with you:
Were I not beſt looke like a Stateſman, thinke you?
Antol. What to a woman? 'twere a ſoleciſme
In nature, for you know *Cupid's* a boy,
And would you tyre him like a Senator,
And put a declamation in his mouth?
Twere a meere madneſſe in you: here they come;
See what a Maieſty ſhe beares, goe meet her.

ACT. 3. SCEN. 3.

Trimalchio, Capritio, Agurtes, Antolicus, Millicent, Margery.

Tri. STand by, it is my happineſſe invites me.
So that I could appeare like *Iupiter*,
Vnto his *Semele*.
Agur. Why, would you burne her?
Tri. Yes, with my love I would; moſt Luculent Lady,
After the late collection of my ſpirits,
Loſt in the admiration of your beauty,
Let me crave pardon. *Milleſ.* Sir, for what?
Trim. My boldneſſe. *Milleſ.* I apprehend none.
Trim. You muſt pardon me,
For I am jealous of the leaſt digreſſion:
And you may juſtly frowne.
Milleſ. I ſhould be loath,
To acknowledge ſo much from you.
Trim. Lady, you have thoſe faire additions
Of wealth, and parentage, joyn'd to your vertues,
That I may juſtly ſuſpect your diſdaine:
But by my hopes, I doe not court your fortunes,
But you.

Milleſ. Beleeve

Milleſ. Beleeve me, no deſerving man
Shall be the leſſe eſteem'd for that, where I finde
Ability to governe, what I bring him.
Tis that I valew: things that are without me,
I count them not my owne.

Trim. Tis a ſpeech Lady,
Worthy an Empreſſe. I am a made man,
Since you have cleer'd the heaven of your brow:
Now by that light I ſweare, a brighter day
Nere broke upon me.

Agur. Sir, I hope this Lady
Shall have no cauſe to repent your admittance.

Milleſ. Sir, for my part, ſince vertue is my guard,
I doe not onely keepe my doores ſtil open,
But my breaſt too, for Gentlemen of merit.

Trim. Now by this ayre, that does report your voice
With a ſound more then mortall: by your faire eyes,
And as I hope to be enrold your ſervant,
I honour the meaneſt ſtitch in your garment.

Milleſ. I would not wiſh you place your love upon
A thing ſo meane, ſo likely to be caſt off.

Trim. O divine counſell! that ſo rare a beauty
Should mixe with wiſedome: theſe words are not loſt.
I am your ſlave for ever. I'll goe hire
Six Poets to ſing your praiſe, and I my ſelfe
Will be the ſeventh to make up the conſort.

Autol. You ſee your friend there, Mr *Trimalchio*
Is like to ſpeed, and fairely on his way
To much happineſſe. I would not willingly
That any ſhould miſcarrie in a plot
That I have a hand in: you muſt be ſodaine
I told you, if you meane to be a favourite
To fortune, and your Miſtris, and be bold.

Cap. If I had ſpoke to her, the brunt were paſt.

Autol. I then the yce were broke; now ſhe makes towards
Tis the beſt time, let no occaſion ſlip, (you,

Cap. Lady advance the pinnacle of your thoughts,
And enlarge the quadrangle of your heart,

To entertaine a man of men.
Antol. A man
Of meanes, ſweet Lady, that I can aſſure you.
Marg. Hee's ſo much the more welcome, I aſſure you.
Antol. You are welcome by this meanes, doe you mark (that?
Caprit. Some 3000. a yeare or thereabouts.
Alas I value it not, 'twill ſerue to trifle
In pinnes, and gloves, and toies, and banquets.
Marg. 'Tis much.
One of ſo tender yeares, ſhould ſtep ſo ſoone
Into the world.
Caprit. Indeed the ſpring of my courtſhip
Has beene ſomewhat backward: but I will ſtriue
To redeeme it; I haue ſome ſeeds a growing,
Shall make m' ere long, ſpread like a Gentleman,
And you ſhall ſay ſo too.
Marg. I doe beleeue it.
Caprit. Nay where you doe or no, 'tis no great matter.
Antol. Be not Capritious.
Caprit. My name's *Capritio*.
There be in Towne of the *Capritio's*,
Came from our houſe, that ſhall approve it ſo.
Antol. What will you ſay, if I ſhew you a way
To get a generall credit?
Caprit. Can you doe it?
Antol. I can, and will; I'll haue you out of hand,
The maſter of a good horſe, and a good dogge,
And be knowne by them.
Caprit. Will that doe it? *Antol.* Will it?
Why when you once haue match'd your horſe, or dogge.
The adverſe party being a man of note,
'Twill raiſe an inquiſition after you.
Whoſe is the horſe, ſayes one, Mr, *Capritios*.
What he, ſayes another? a Noble Gentleman.
'Twill draw the eyes of a whole Shire upon you,
Beſides the Citizens that goe downe to bett.
Caprit. Why this is rare indeed.
Antol. And then 'twill furniſh you

With

With fitting diſcourſe for any mans table.
A horſe and a dogge, no better a ſubiect
To exerciſe your tongue in, many Ladies
Talke in that dialogue; beſides, there being
A kind of neare relation in the nature
Of you and thoſe beaſts. the good qualities
That are in them, may be thought to be yours.
Cap. I'll buy me a dancing horſe that can caper,
And haue him call'd *Capritio*, by my name.
Aun. You may doe ſo. *Capr.* Lady, by your leaue I will.
Mar. Sir, what you pleaſe. *Au.* Her deſires go with yours.
Obſerue but what a wife ſh'is like to proue,
That is no more imperious being a Miſtris.
Cap. Brother come hither. *Trim.* I am buſie here.
How doe you like the fabricke of this Watch?
Milleſ. Pray let me ſee it, a rare peece of worke.
Trim. It coſt me twelve pound, by this light, this morning.
Milleſ. But that it was ſo deare, I would haue begg'd it.
Trim. 'Tis at your ſervice, Lady.
Milleſ. I'll make vſe of
Your courteſie, with many thankes, Sir.
Trim. Nay, but
You muſt not haue it.
Milleſ. Will you goe from your word?
Trim. I'll giue you as good, but this is none of mine,
By this hand I borrowed it.
Milleſ. You ſaid you bought it. *Trim.* I ſaid ſo indeed.
Milleſ. You ſhould doe well to buy you
A better memorie, as I ſhall hereafter,
To keepe at diſtance with you. *Exit Milleſcent.*
Agur. Is ſhe gone? *Trim.* Gone in a fume.
Agur. How did you anger her?
Trim. She would haue begd my Watch, and I excus'd it.
Agur. She beg your Watch? ſhe ſcorns to beg any thing.
Shee has more than ſhee can tell what to doe with.
Perhaps ſhee long'd for yours, and would receiue it
As a courteſie, why would you ſhew it her,
Vnleſſe you meant to part with it?

Trim. I know not:
I thinke my wit was crampt.
Agur. You muſt nere looke for,
The like occaſion offerd you; why this
Was ſuch a time to win her loue: a gift
Would put her every houre in minde of you.
Trim. What ſhall I doe? *Agur.* Beſt ſend it after her.
Trim. Doe you carry it; tell her withall, I'll ſend her
A Coach and foure horſes, to make her amends.
Agur. Give me the Watch, if I doe make all good,
Will you performe your promiſe?
Trim. By my life,
I'll ſend them without faile, immediatly.
Ag. I'll after her, and ſee what I can do. *Exit Agurtes*
Cap. Stand for a watch: here take this Diamond:
Nay, doe not wrong me, *I* have ſworne you ſhall,
Were it as good as that which was made precious
By *Berenices* finger, which *Agrippa*
Gave his inceſtuous ſiſter, you ſhould have it.
What doe you thinke *I* am an Aſſe? no ſir,
Tis he has taught me wit.
Auto. And you are happy,
That can be wiſe by other mens examples.
Cap. What ſhould *I* looſe my Miſtris for a toy?
Trim. Lead on good brother, *I* am all of a ſweat,
Vntill ſome gale of comfort blow upon me. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 3. SCEN. 4.

Philantus, Fidelio, Fauſtina.

Fid. YOu ſee that *I* have brought you to the treaſure,
And the rich garden of th' Heſperides:
If you can charme thoſe ever-watchfull eyes
That keepe the tree, then you may pull the fruit,
And after glorie in the ſpoyle of honour.
Phil. Prethee let me alone with her.
Fid. *I*'ll leave you. *Exit Fidelio.*
Phil. Ladie,

Phil. Ladie, my preface is to know your name.
Fau. *Faustina*, Sir. *Phil.* I may be happie in you.
I have a sister somewhere of that name,
That in her youth did promise such a feature,
And hopes of future excellence: she had
A beautie mixt with maiestie, would draw
From the beholders, love, and reverence.
And I doe ill me thinkes, with unchaste thoughts
To sinne against her memorie: this taske
Would I were rid of; but I'll venter. Ladie,
You are not blinde, I conceive.
Fau. No sir, I have not
Yet seene a thing so strongly sensible,
To hurt my eye-sight.
Phil. Then I hope you can
Take notice of a Gentlemans good parts,
Without a Periphrasis.
Fau. What's that? *Phil.* A figure,
Needlesse at this time to explaine my deserts,
So easie and apparent to be seene.
Fa. I dare not envie, nor detract, where worth
Does challenge due relation of respect:
Nor is my wit so curious, to make
A glosse or comment on your qualities.
Phil. Tis too much labour, 'twere a taske would dull
The edge of Rhetoricke, to describe them rightly;
Nor would I have them dwell upon your tongue,
But fixed in your thoughts, there let them move
Till they meet in coniunction with your love;
Nature would boast so sweet a simpathie.
Fau. I should be sorrie, if my understanding
Moud in so poore a circle, as your praise;
I have not leisure to take notice of it.
Is this all you have to say? *Phil.* No, I have more;
But love is slow to dictate to my vowes:
And yet those sacred and divine impulsions,
Strike truer then my heart, and by his power
That has inflam'd me, here I sweare I love you.

Fau. Your

Fauſt. Your oaths and loue, are made of the ſame ayre,
Both dye in their conception; quickly vttered,
And as eaſily not beleeued.
Phil. Nay now you wrong
My true intent.
Fauſt. Suppoſe I grant you loue me,
What would you inferre?
Phil. That you ſhould ſpeake the like,
And with the ſame affection.
Fauſt. If your loue
Be not a Bawd vnto ſome baſe deſire,
I doe returne the like.
Phil. I know not how
You may interpret it, but ſure the law,
And the command of nature, is no baſeneſſe,
A thing that *Ioue* himſelfe has dignified,
And in his rapes confeſſ'd the god of loue
The greater of the two, who Kings haue ſtoopt to,
We are allow'd t' inioy ſome ſtolne delights,
So we be ſecret in't; for 'tis ſet downe
By ſuch as in this art haue skilfull beene,
W' are not forbid to act, but to be ſeene.
Fauſt. Vpon theſe termes, I doe deny you loue me
'Twas luſt that flatter'd ſinne, made loue a god,
And to get freedome for his thefts, they gaue
Madneſſe the title of a Deitie.
For how can that be loue, which ſeeks the ruine
Of his owne obiect, and the thing beloued.
No, true loue is a pure affection,
That giues the ſoule tranſparent, and not that
That's converſant in beaſtly appetites.
Phil. Tell not me of your Philoſophicall loue.
I am a foole to linger, womens denyall
Is but an eaſie cruelty, and they
Loue to be forc'd ſometimes.
Fauſt. Pray know your diſtance.
Phi. Come you diſſemble, and you all are willing
Fauſt. To what?

Phil.

Phil. There's none of you but feele the ſmart
Of a libidinous ſting; elſe wherefore are
Thoſe baits and ſtrong allurements to intice us?
Wherefore are all your ſleekings, and your curlings,
Criſpings, and paintings, and your skinne made ſoft,
And your face ſmooth with ointments, then your gate,
Confin'd to meaſure, and compos'd by art,
Beſides the wanton petulancy of your eyes,
That ſcatter flames with doubtfull motion,
Vnleſſe it were to proſtitute your beauty?

Fauſt. I'll giue account for none Sir, but my ſelfe.
And that I'll ſpeake before my Virgin Zone,
Shall be vnti'de by any vnchaſte hand,
Nature ſhall ſuffer diſſolution.
But what ere others be, me thinkes your worth
Should not pretend to an ignoble action.

Phil. Now by this light I thinke you'll moralize mee.

Fauſt. 'Tis my deſire you ſhould goe better from mee
Then you came hither; you haue ſome good parts
But they are all exteriour, and theſe breed
A ſelfe conceit, an affectation in you,
And what more odious? Some applaud you in it,
As paraſites, but wiſe men laugh at you.
Will you imploy thoſe gifts that may commend you,
And adde a grace to goodneſſe, had you any,
In the purſuit of vice, that renders you,
Worthy of nought but pittie?

Phil. I came as to
A Whore, but ſhall returne as from a Saint.

Fauſt. Then leave to proſecute the foggy vapours
Of a groſſe pleaſure, that involves the ſoule
In clouds of infamie. I wonder one
So compleat in the ſtructure of his bodie,
Should haue his minde ſo diſproportion'd,
The lineaments of vertue quite defac'd.

Phil. I am ſubdu'd, ſhe has converted mee.
I ſee within the mirror of her goodneſſe,
The foulneſſe of my folly: ſweet inſtruct me.

And

And I will ſtile thee my *Ægeria*.

Fan. It is a ſhame, that man that has the ſeeds
Of vertue in him, ſpringing unto glory,
Should make his ſoule degenerous with ſinne,
And ſlave to luxury, to drowne his ſpirits
In Lees of ſloth, to yeeld up the weake day,
To wine, to luſt, and banquets.

Phil. Here's a woman:
The ſoule of *Hercules* has got into her.
She has a ſpirit, is more maſculine,
Then the firſt gender: how her ſpeech has fill'd me
With love and wonder? ſweet Ladie proceed.

Fan. I would have you proceed, and ſeeke for fame
In brave exploits, like thoſe that ſnatch their honour
Out of the talents of the *Roman* Eagle,
And pull her golden feathers in the field.
Thoſe are brave men, not you that ſtay at home,
And dreſſe your ſelfe up, like a Pageant,
With thouſand anticke, and exoticke ſhapes,
That make an idoll of a Looking-glaſſe,
Spruſing your ſelfe two houres by it, with ſuch
Geſtures and poſtures, that a waiting wench
Would be aſham'd of you, and then come forth
T'adore your Miſtris Fanne, or tell your dreame,
Raviſh a kiſſe from her white glove, and then
Compare it with her hand, to praiſe her gowne,
Her Tire, and diſcourſe of the faſhion;
Make diſcovery, which Ladie paints, which not:
Which Lord playes beſt at Gleeke, which beſt at Racket.
Theſe are fine elements.

Phil. You have redeem'd me,
And with the ſunnie beames of your good counſell
Diſperſt the miſt that hung ſo heavie on me:
And that you may perceive it takes effect,
I'll to the warres immediately.

Fan. Why then,
I muſt confeſſe I ſhall love you the better.

Phil. I will begin it in your happy omen:

But

But first confesse, that you haue vanquisht me.
And if I shall orecome an enemy,
Yeild you the Trophies of the victory.
Faust. Please you walke in the while.
Phil. I shall attend you. *Exit Faustina.*
Henceforth I'le striue to flye the sight of pleasure,
As of an Harpy or a Basiliske,
And when she flatters, seale my eares with Waxe,
Tooke from that boar, that rowed with a deafe oare,
From the sweete tunes of the *Sicilian* shoare.

Enter Trimalchio, Capritio, Fidelio, Ardelio, Snarle.

Trim. Are you for the warre indeed?
Phil. Immediately.
Is there any of you will goe along with me,
Besides this Gentleman?
Trim. I thinke no body.
Phil. Ardelio, thou art my faythfull seruant.
Ard. Alasse sir,
My body is fat, and spungy, penetrable;
And the least cold will kill mee.
Snarle. Yet his face
Is hatcht with impudency, threefold thicke.
Ard. I am not for your Trenches, and cold crampes,
Their discipline will quickely bring me vnder:
Ile stay at home, and looke to your businesse.
Phil. Brother *Capritio*, what say you to it?
Capri. Who I? ods lid I am not such an Asse,
To goe amongst them, like your volunteers,
That frighted worse at home with debt and danger,
Trauell abroad i'th summer to see seruice,
And then come home i'th winter, to drinke Sacke.
I am none of those, I'le hardly trust my selfe
In the Artillery yard, for feare of mischiefe.
Phil. Mr. *Trimalchio*, you are yong and lusty,
Full of ambitious thoughts.
Trim. 'Tis true indeede,
That I am growne ambitious of honour.

And meane to purchase it. *Snarle.* But with no danger
Of life and hope.

Trim. I meane to hazard a limme for it.

Phil. Why, whither are you going?

Trim. To the Leager,
Vpon the same imployment, that *Hercules*
Did once against the *Amazons.* *Snarle.* And I
Will stay at home, and write their annals for them.

Phil. Stay all at home, and hug your ignominyes,
And whilst we spoyle the enemy, may you
Be pil'd by pimpes. Cheaters intrench vpon you,
Let Bawds, and their issues ioyne with you. Marry
With whores, and let projectors rifle for you,
And so I leaue you.

Trim. We shall heare of you,
By the next Caranto, I make no doubt of it.

Actus 4. Scene 1.

Trimalchio. Capritio.

Trim. Brother *Capritio*, are you well prouided
With ammunition? arm'd Capa pea,
To scale the Fort of our *Semiramis?*

Capr. I am appoynted, Brother.

Trim. Then let vs on,
And beate a parly at the gates. So, ho.

Enter Pander.

Pand. How now what bold aduenturers be here?
What desperat rudenesse tempts you to your ruine?
Here are no Geese to keepe our Capitoll.
But men of armes, you slaues, stout impes of *Mars*:
Gyants, sonnes of the Earth, that shall rise vp,
Like *Cadmus* progeny, to fight it out,
Till you are all consumed. Haue you any gold?
Tis that must breake our gates ope: there are lockt
A score of *Danaes* wenches of delight,
Within this Castle, if I list to shew you

Where

Where *Circe* keepes her reſidence, that ſhall,
If ſhee but lay her rod vpon your necks,
Transforme you into Apes, & Swine, you ſheepsface.
If thou ſhal't once but drinke of her inchantments,
Shee'll make a Lyon of thee. *Caprit.* Alaſſe ſir,
I had rather looke like an Aſſe, as I am ſtill.
Trim. Bee not too boiſtrous, my ſonne of thunder.
Wee are wel-wiſhers to thy campe, and thee,
Here is a freſhman, I would haue acquainted
With the myſtery of your iniquity.
Pand. I do imbrace thy league, and returne the hand
Of friendſhip. To thy better vnderſtanding,
I will diſcouer the ſituation of the place.
Tis of it ſelfe an Iland, a meere Swans neſt:
Which had *Vliſſes* ſeene, he would prefer
Before his *Ithaca*, and he whom Fate
Shall bleſſe to vanquiſh it; Hee may deſerue
The name of a new conquerour. It has
The credit, to bee ſtyl'd the *Terra florida*,
Of the beſt beauties in the Towne, my friend,
That repaire hither vpon the leaſt ſummons,
Beſides ſome that are conſtant to their trenches.
Venus in his houſe is predominant.
Tis barren, I confeſſe. Yet wholy giuen
To the deeds of fructication. But thoſe
Are barrd from comming to perfection,
With Rhewmes, and diſeaſes. You Dormiſe,
What muſt I reade a lecture to you *gratis*?
Trim. No ſir, here's money for you.
Pander. You may enter,
And returne ſafe, vpon your good behauiour.

Actus 4. Scene 2.

Bawd 2. Whores.

Bawd. Well, they may talke of *Dunkerke*, or of *Callis*;
Enricht with forraine booties, but if euer

A little Garriſon, or ſconce, as this,
Were ſo fild vp with ſpoyles, let me be carted.
1. *Whore.* And carry it ſo cunningly away,
Beyond the reach of Iuſtice, and of all
The iuriſdiction in our owne hand,
Like a free ſtate.
Bawd. Did not I purchaſe it?
And am not I the Lady of the Mannor?
And who ſhall dare to queſtion mee? I hope,
I ſhall be able to defend my Fort,
From the inuaſion of the painted ſtaffe,
Or the tempeſtuous paper Engine, ſafe,
As a Moale in a Trench, and worke at hie midnight.
When their wiſe heads are layd, wee'l rayſe the ſpirits
Of our dead pleaſures, vſe the benefit
Of youth, and dance our Orgyes by the Moonelight.
1. *Whore.* I hope they neednot to condemne vs, wee driue
As open trade as they, and vent as ill
Commodities, as any: all that we vtter,
Is in darke ſhoppes, or elſe by candlelight.
2. *Whore.* We are become the enuy of Citizens.
1. *Whore.* It is reported that we ſtudy phyſicke.
Bawd. Why ſo?
1. *Whore.* The reaſon is, becauſe we know
The ſeuerall conſtitutions of mens bodies.
2. *Whore.* And ſome tearme vs the Leager.
Bawd. We defye
The force of any man, who's that knocks ſo?
Go bid the watch looke out, and if their number
Be not too plurall, then let them come in.
But if they chance to bee thoſe ruſſian Souldiers,
Let fall the purcullis. All they can do,
Is to diſcharge a volley of oathes at me.
Ile take no tickets, nor no future ſtipends.
Tis not falſe titles, or denominations
Of offices can do it. I muſt haue money.
Tell them ſo, draw the bridge, Ile make them know,
This is no widdowes houſe, but *Marcus Manlius*,
Is Lord of the Iland. Who waſt?

1. *Whore.*

2. *Whore.* The Constable. *Bawd.* What would he haue?
2. *Whore.* You know his businesse.
Bawd. Pox on the Marshall, and the Constable.
There cannot be a Mystery in a Trade,
But they must peepe into it. Merciless varlets,
That know how many fall by our occupation,
And yet would haue their Venery for nothing.
A chambermayd can't haue a Ruffe to set,
But they must bee poking in it;
Now they haue brought vs vnder contribution,
They vex vs more then the Venetians doe
The whole Corporation of Curtezans:
But we must giue good words, shew them a roome.

Enter Ardelio.

Ard. There's hot seruice within, I heare the Muskets
Play from the Rampiers. I am valiant,
And will venter vpon the very mouthes of them.
Bawd. Mr. *Ardelio*, you haue beene a stranger.
You are growne rich of late.
Ard. Who, I growne rich?
Bawd. Yes somewhat pursy for want of exercise.
Ard. Well, I was wont to put in for a gamester.
But now I am quite thrust out of all play.
Bawd. We were wont to be your subiects to worke on,
And since you scorne vs, yet you cannot say,
But you haue found good dealing at our hands.
2. *Whore.* We haue bin alwaies bent to your Worships will
And forward to helpe you on at all times.
Ard. Come, you are good wenches.
Bawd. Truely sir you know,
I keepe as good creatures at liuery,
And as cheape too, as any poore sinner
Of my profession.
Ard. Hast thou ere a morsell,
That is not tainted, or flye blowne?
Bawd. Indeede I haue
So much adoe to keepe my family sound,
You would wonder at it: and such as are so,
They are taken vp presently. But I haue one,

I dare commend to you, for wind and limme.

Ard. Come, let me haue her then.

Bawd. Please you walke in, sir. *Exit Ardelio.*

Enter Miscellanio.

Miscel. Its strange there is no more attendance giuen,
To vsher ina man of my quality.
Are you the Gouerneſſe of this Cinqueport, Lady?

Bawd. The fortreſſe, sir, is mine, and none come here,
But pay me cuſtome.

Miscel. Haſt thou ere a Pilot,
Or man of warre to conduct a man ſafe
Into thy Harbour? there be roagues abroade,
Piraticall varlets that would pillage mee.

Bawd. Very well, sir.

Miscel. I thought at firſt, you would haue bard my entrance.

Bawd. I doe not vſe the faſhions of thoſe Countries,
That keepe a ſtranger out foure weekes at ſea,
To know if hee bee ſound. I make no ſcruple,
But giue free traffique to all Nations.
If you haue payd your due, you may put in,
There is the way, Ile follow preſently. *Exit Miscel.*
I thinke our ſouldiers are all come, lets in *Iauia,*
And ſet the watch.

Enter Trimalchio, Capitio.

Trim. Stay punke, make roome for vs,
That haue aduanc'd our banners to thy walls,
Paſt all the pikes, the perdues, and the Centries.
Tis a good *Omen*, whers *Bellona* there,
And the daughters of *Mars*, thoſe braue Girles?
We are come to pay our homage to their ſmockes.

Bawd. Nay, if you are vnruly, we ſhall tame you.

Trim. Feare not, wee are tributaries, punke.

Bawd. Sir, doe you ſpeake with no more reuerence
To me? it ſeemes you know me not.

Trim. I ſhall
Endeauour to preſerue thy dignity,
Art thou that braue *Hyppolite*, that gouernes
This troupe of *Scythians*? Speake, *Orithya*,
My *Menalippe*, my *Antiope*

Wee

Wee are ſworne vaſſals to your petticoates.

Bawd. Did you attempt but the leaſt iniury,
There be in readines, would vindicate
The wrongs, and credit of my houſe. *Trim.* I know
Thy power, punke, and do ſubmit me, punke,
Iam Marti, quam Veneri. Tis thy Motto, punke.

Caprit. Would I could tell how to get out againe.

Bawd. How came you in? haue you perform'd all duties?

Trim. I threw thy *Cerberus* a ſleepy Morſell,
And pay'd thy *Charon* for my waſtage ouer.
And I haue a golden ſprig for my *Proſerpine.*

Bawd. Then you are wel-come, ſir.

Trim. Nay I do honour
Thee, and thy houſe, and all thy vermine in't.
And thou doſt well to ſtand vpon thy guard,
Spight of the ſtatutes. Tis a Caſtle this,
A Fort, a Metrapolitan bawdy houſe.
A *Cynoſarges*, ſuch as *Hercules*
Built in the honour of his pedegree,
For entertainment of the baſt and iſſue
Of the bold Spartan.

Bawd. You haue ſayd enough, ſir.
And for requitall, I will ſhew you in,
Where you ſhall read the titles, and the prices.

Trim. But here's a brother of mine is ſomewhat baſhfull:
I'd faine deliuer him to thy diſcipline.

Bawd. What, is he baſhfull? that's a fault indeed.
Come hither, chops, you muſt not be ſo ſhamefac'd?

Trim. Loe you there, ſir, you ſhall come forth in print.
March on, my *Calypſo*, come ſir, follow your colours.
You ſhall haue the leading of the firſt title.

Actus 4. Scene 3.

Agurtes like a Conſtable.
Antolicus } *like watchmen.*
Snarle }

Agur. Are your diſguiſes ready?

Anto.

Antol. I haue mine.

Snarle. Mine's in my pocket.

Agur. Put it on your face.

Now they are houſd, Ile watch their comming forth,
And fright them in the forme of a Conſtable,
If that ſucceeds well, then Ile change the perſon,
To a Iuſtice of peace, and you ſhall act
My clarke *Antolicus*. They ſay an officer
Dares not appeare about the Gates; Ile try it.
For I haue made one drunke, and got his ſtaffe,
Which I will vſe with more authority,
Then *Mercury* his all-commanding rod,
To charme their ſteps, that none ſhall paſſe his way;
Without examination. There ſtalkes one, *Ardelio paſſes by.*
Ile firſt know what he is; now they drop away,
As if they leapt out from the Troian horſe;
This is the Autumne of the night: who goes there?

Ardel. A friend.

Antol. Friend, or foe, come before the Conſtable.

Agur. Whence come you, friend?

Ardel. And't pleaſe you Sir, I haue
Been waying on my neece, home to her lodging.

Agur. Why, is your Neece a Leagerer, a ſluttler,
Or Laundreſſe to this Fort?

Ardel. No, and it like you,
Shee lyes without the campe.

Agur. You lye like a Pimpe.
You are an Apple-ſquire, a Rat, and a Ferret.
I ſaw you bolt out from that Conney-berry.

Ardel. Mr. Conſtable.

Agur. Out of the wind of me: what do you thinke,
You can put out the eyes of a gorcrow?
Fob mee off ſo, the Conſtable, that haue
The pariſh ſtock of witt in my hands? I am glad,
That I haue got you from your couert. You ſhall
Bee ſearcht, you ſhall along with me ſir.

Ardel. Whither?

Agur. No farther then to priſon, where you ſhall pay,

but

But forty shillings for noctiuagation.

Ardel. I am vndone then. There are forty old scores,
I owe in Towne, will follow after mee.

Agur. What are you? whats your name?

Ard. Ardelio,
A Lords seruant.

Agur. Do Lords seruants doe this?

Ardel. Alas, a veniall sinne, wee vse to learne it,
When wee come first to be pages.

Agur. Stand by, ther's one has got a clap too.

Miscellanie passes by.

Miscel. The shirt of *Hercules* was not so hot.

Snarle. Ther's one sure has beene hurt with a *Gronicado.*

Agurt. How now, who's there?

Miscel. Here's no body.

Agur. No body. My senses fayle mee then, who ist?
What man are you?

Miscel. No man, you are deceiu'd,
I can not find I am a man, that part
Is dead, wherein I once was an *Achilles*:

Auto. Come neerer.

Miscel. I can not go, I haue lost my nerues.

Autol. You shall be carryed to the Iayle then.

Miscel. Fitter
For an Hospitall. I am condemned already
To fluxes, and dyet drinkes.

Trimalchio. Capritio.

Trim. Murder, Murder, Mr. Constable, Murder.

Agur. Who's that *Heronimoes* sonnes ghost in the Garden?

Trim. O Mr. Constable, wee haue beene so vsde,
As neuer two aduentrous Gentlemen
In the hands of their enemies.

Agur. Whats the matter?

Trim. Let mee take breath: I am at the last gaspe.
We haue eskapt from the denne of the *Cyclops*,
There was one ranne a spit against my eyes.

Caprit. Amongst the rest, there was a blinke-eyed woman
Set a great dog vpon mee.

Trim. They haue spoyld vs
Of our cloakes, our hats, our swords, and our money.

Snarle. Your wits, and credit were both loſt before.
Caprit. No, wee had not our wits about vs then.
Trim. Good ſir, let's thinke on ſome reuenge, call vp
The Gentlemen prentiſes, and make a Shrouetueſday.
Agur. By no meanes, I muſt ſuppreſſe all violence.
Caprit. My brother talkt of building of a ſconce,
And ſtraight they ſeazd our cloakes for the reckoning.
Trim. There I loſt my hat and ſword in the reakew.
Agur. Twas well done.
Trim. And whilſt ſome ſtroue to hold my hands,
The other diu'd in my pockets. I am ſure,
There was a fellow with a tand face, whoſe breath
Was growne ſulphurous with oathes and tobacco,
Puft terror in my face, I ſhal neuer bee
Mine owne man againe.

Bawd and whores from aboue.

Bawd. Stop their throates, ſome body. (more.
1 *Who.* Twere a good deed to haue made them ſwim the
2 *Who.* I, to haue ſtripe them, and ſent them out naked.
1 *Who.* Let's ſally out, and fetch them in againe.
Then call a court on them for falſe alarums.
Trim. Flye from their rage, ſir; they are worſe then
They'll teare vs, as the Thracians did *Orpheus*, (Harpyes,
Whoſe Muſicke, though it charmd the powers of Hell,
Could not bee heard amongſt theſe. Mr. *Ardelio*
And *Miſcellanio*, I ioy to ſee you,
Though ill met here.
Miſcel. Signiour *Trimaltchio*,
Sir you muſt pardon me. I can not ſtoope.
I haue the *Grincums* in my backe, I feare
Will ſpoyle my courtſhip.
Trim. Mr. *Ardelio*,
Who would expected to haue met you here?
Ard. Nay, who would not expect it? tis my haunt.
I loue it, as a pigeon, loues a ſalt-pit.
Miſcel. O mee! my ſcholler too! how came he hither?
I did not meane t'impart this myſtery.
How could hee find it out?
Trim. His owne *Minerua*,

And

And my helpe, sir. *Agur.* Well, you must altogether.
Trim. Whither must wee go?
Agur. Marry, before a Iustice,
To answere for your riot.
Ardel.M. Constable.
Agur. I can not dispence with it.
Mysel. Let vs redeeme our peace.
Agur. Not before next sessions. Bring them away.
Snarle. Come, there's no remedy.

Actus 4. Scena 4.

Bawd, Whores, Pandar.

Bawd. Was euer such a treacherous plot intended,
Against our State, and dignity?
Pand. Had this
Past with impunity, they might haue sworne,
Vengeance had raunc the country.
1. *Whore.* But I hope,
They haue no cause to boast their victory,
Pand. Now by this aire, as I am a true souldier,
Bred vnder, and deuoted to your Banne,
But that your pitty did prevent my rage,
They should haue knowne no quarter, for this brow
Brookes no affronts.
2. *Whore.* Captaine, you fought it bravely.
Bawd. Wee'l haue a stone grauen with characters,
To intimate your prowesse.
Pand. No, my deare *Gorgon*,
I will not haue my fame wander without
The precincts of your Castell, this enough
It can be sheltred heere, within these walls.
And to recount with your acknowledgements,
What this Fort owes to my protection.
Bawd. Captaine, wee must confesse you are our *Guardian*.
Pand. Then let mee sacrifice vnto my humour.
All you this night, shall be at my disposing,
To drinke and drab, tis the fault of your fortune
That do professe this trade, t'haue somebody,

To spend your purchase on, tis my decree,
What others ryot, you should waste on me.

Actus 4. Scene 4.

Agurtes like a Iustice of peace.
Antolicus his Clarke.

Agur. What, are they come?
Antol. Yes, sir.
Agur. Then let mee see
How I can act it: do I looke like a Iustice?
Antol. As fearefull as an Asse in a Lyons skinne, sir.
Agur. Here I begin my state. Suppose mee now
Come downe the staires, out of the dining roome,
Into the hall, and thus I begin. *Brisco.*
Call *Brisco* my Clarke.
Antol. At your elbow, sir.
Agur. Reach mee my ensigne of authority,
My staffe I meane. Fy, fy, how dull you are,
And incomposed? Now set me in my chaire,
That I may looke like a Cathedrall Iustice,
That knew, what belongs to an *Assignauimus*,
And *Dedimus potestatis*. Nay, though we are
Of the peace, wee can giue *Priscian* a knocke.
Let mee aloue now to determine causes,
As free from error as the Pope. Old *Minos*,
And *Rhadmanth*, are not so skilld ith vrne,
As I am in the statutes. I haue them *ad vngues*
Now if they enter, at their perill bee it.
How dost thou like my action?
Antol. Very well, sir.
Agur. Let them come in.

Enter Snarle like a Constable. Trimalchio, Capritio, Miscellanio, Ardelio.

Now Mr Constable,
I must commend your diligence. Come hither.
Snarl. Sir I haue brought foure men before your Worship,
I found last night, at midnight, in the streets,

Raysing,

Raysing a tumult.

Agur. *Brisco*, bee ready to take
Their examination. Good: you found foure men,
At midnight. Whose men are they?

Trim. Our owne men, sir.

Agur. So it seemes by your Liueries.
Write that downe; first they say, they are their owne men.

Ardel. Sir, by your fauour, I am not my owne man.

Agur. I thought they would not all bee in one tale,
I knew I should find them tripping, and I
Once come to sift them. You are not your owne man.
It argues you are drunke. Write his confession,
Ex ostium te indicor: perge Mr. Constable.

Snarle. I hold it fit, your Worship should examine
What they did there so late.

Agur. What did you there
So late?

Miscel. Good Iustice *Eccho*, wee had busines.

Agur. Record, they say they had busines. They shall know,
That I am Iudge of Record, and what I do
Record, shal stand, and they shal haue no power
To plead not guilty in a *Scire facias*,
By a Recognisance. I haue my termes.

Ardel Good your Worship, giue vs not such hard words.

Trim. Tis almost as hard viage as the Leager.

Agur. Then you came from the Leager?

Trim. You may reade
Some aduentures in our habit, wee haue seene,
And tasted the experience of the warres.

Miscel. They haue made me of another religion,
I must turne Iew, I thinke, and bee circumcised.
I may be any thing, now I shall lose a Limme.
I may goe seeke my pension with the souldiers;
But tis no matter, I'll turne valiant,
And fight with the stumpe.

Agur. You are a fighter then.
This doth appeare to mee, to bee a ryot.
What thinke you, Mr. Constable?

Snarle. I thinke no lesse.

Agur. Twas *ad terrorem populum.*

Snarle. I know not
What you meane, but I meane as your Worſhip meanes.
I did perceiue they had beene quarelling.

Agur. Why then 'twas an affray, a ſudden affray,
Directly againſt the State of *Northampton.*
The *Decimo tertio* of *Harry* the fourth cleares the doubt.
How doe you trauerſe this? what doe you anſwere?

Ard. We make a queſtion, by your Worſhips fauour,
Vnder correction, whether that which was
Done vnder forraine powers, in forraine Lands,
Be puniſhable heere or no.

Agur. How proue you that?

Ard. Tis a prouince by it ſelfe, a priuiledg'd place,
A ſtrong corporation, and has factions
In Court and Citty.

Trim. Is inhabited
With furies, that do multiply like *Hydra*:
An army of diſeaſes can't ſuppreſſe them,
Beſides their many fallings t' other way.

Agur. I ſhould be loth t' infringe their liberties,
Ile ſend you to betryed, from whence you came then.

Caprit. O good your Worſhip, hang vs vp at home firſt,
Let vs indure the racke or the ſtrappado,
We do ſubmit vs to your Worſhips cenſure.

Agur. Haue you prouided ſureties for the peace then?

Ard. More neede to prouide ſomethings for my belly.
I thinke they meane to keepe me for a race.
I am faine away quite, I was like a hogſhead.
Now I am able to runne thorow my hoopes.

Agur. Whats he that halts before me? doe you mocke me?
Tis ill halting before a cripple.

Miſeel. This ſore againſt my will, I can not helpe it,
Would I could runne away with halfe my teeth.

Agur. Can't a man haue the venerable gowt,
Or the bone-ache, but you muſt imitate him?

Miſeel. Good Mr. Iuſtice.

Agur. Mocke your fellow rogues.
I am none of thoſe, that rayſd my fortunes with

Fid-

Fiddling and Tobacco. Make his Mittimus.

Snarle. And't please you sir, here's one has brought a Letter.

Agur. From whom?

Snarle. He sayes, from one Mistrisse *Millescent*,
The contents will informe you.

The Letter.

NOble sir, I am sorry to interest my vnstay'd honour in the patronage of offenders, or to abuse the credit I haue with you, in stopping the course of Iustice against them, whose youthfull licentiousnesse, would pollute the pen of a Lady to excuse it. On the other part, I hold it the betraying of a virgins sweete disposition, to withdraw her fauours, where she has once plac'd them, although there be some want of desert. I must confesse tis an Antipathy to my nature, to see any Gentleman suffer, when I may preuent it. Howsoeuer I haue found a disrespect from him, yet I forget it. For anger abides in the bosomes of women, as snow on the ground: where it is smooth and leuell, it fals quickly off, but remaynes where it is rough and vneuen. That this may appeare to bee true, I would intreate you to dismisse those two Gentlemen and their associates, Mr. Trimalchio, *and* Capritio, *whose ryotous looseneſse has made them obnoxious to your censure, and my suspicion. Thus*

not

not doubting the ſucceſſe of my letter, I reſt in your fauour as you may preſume on mine, and your true friend, Milleſcent.

Agur. This Lady, that has writ in your behalfe,
Is one I honour.
Trim. How could ſhe heare of it?
Agur. It ſeemes, your fault is quickly blowne abroad,
And rather ſcale a *Nouerint vniuerſi*,
Por a thouſand pound ſtale commodities,
Then thee ſhould know of it.
Agur. As for you two,
You may pay your fees and depart, you haue
Your manumiſſion, for this Ladies ſake.
Maſter Conſtable, you are diſcharg'd, and you may
Goe along with them and receiue their fees.
Miſ. Though I ſay nothing, yet I ſmell ſomething:
A Lady ſend a letter? Shee is in loue
With me, Ile pawne my life, and I nere knew it.
Ile get my backe well, and goe viſit her.
Ard. Now I haue got my teeth at liberty,
And they ere tye me to the racke againe,
Let me be choakt.

Exeunt Miſcellanie, Snarle, Ardelio.

Agur. Well, I perceiue you are
A fauourite to this Lady. Whats your name?
Trim. *Trimalchio.*
Agur. And yours?
Capr. *Capritio.*
Agur. Two ancient names in *Camden*, Of what country?
Capr. Of *Norfolke.*
Agur. The *Capritius* of *Norfolke.*
I thinke we ſhall bee kin anon. My mother
Was a *Capritio*, and of that houſe;
Are you alyed vnto this Lady?
Trim. No ſir,
But I haue formerly beene entertain'd

As a poore futor to her graces fauour.

Agur. I finde by that, you are a man of fashion:
And would you then?

Trim. Nay good sir, doe not chide.

Agur. Yes, I must tell you, that you were to blame,
Hauing so faire a fortune before you, to wrong
A Lady of her spirit; so rich, and faire,
Of vnreprooued chastity, and one
So high in birth, nay 'tis not possible
To speake her vertues, and present your selfe
So lumpishly, nay perhaps fill her bed
Full of diseases. *Trim.* Good sir, say no more.
I am a traytor, I haue kild a man,
Committed sacrilledge. Let her seeke reuenge
For these, or if lesse punishment will serue:
To haue me beaten, Ile runne naked to her.

Agur. I will not presse a good nature so farre:
You two shall stay and dine with me. Ile send
My coach for your Mistris, it shall goe hard:
But I will make your friends, before we part.

Actus 5. Scene 1.

Philautus, Fidelio, Faustina.

Faust. Now let mee bid you welcome from the warres,
Laden with conquest, and the golden fleece
Of honour, which like *Iason*, you haue brought
T'inrich your Country, now indebted to you.
Had it not beene a pitty such a talent
Of vertue should be lost or ill imployd?

Phil. Lady, you are a good Physicion,
It was your counsel wrought this miracle,
Beyond the power of *Æsculapius*:
For when my mind was stupified, and lost
In the pursuit of pleasures: all my body
Torne, and dissected with close vanityes,
You haue collected me anew to life:

And now I come to you, with as chaſte thoughts,
As they were firſt adulterous, and yeeld
A due ſubmiſſion for the wrong I did
Both to your ſelfe, and ſex.
Fauſt. Sir. for my part,
You haue your pardon.
Phil. You were borne to quit mee.
Fude. But when you know the Authour of your freedome,
You'll thanke her more.
Phil. Why, who is it?
Fudel. Your ſiſter.
Phil. Who? not *Fauſtina*? ſhee told me ſo indeed,
Her name was *Fauſtina*. Let mee looke vpon her,
As on the picture of all goodneſſe, engraven
By a celeſtiall finger, ſhall weare out
A marble character. I knew her not,
I am glad there is a ſcion of our ſtock,
Can beare ſuch fruit as this, ſo ripe in vertue.
Where haue you lin'd recluſe? you were betrothd
To one *Fidelio*; but croſt by your fathers,
I haue heard good reports of the Gentleman.
Fauſt. I neuer knew you flatter any man
Vnto his face before.
Phil. Vnto his face?
Where is hee?
Fidel. My name's *Fidelio*.
Phil. I am tranſported, rauiſht: giue mee leaue
Good gods, to entertaine with reuerence,
So great a comfort. Let mee firſt embrace you,
Great ioyes, like greifes, are ſilent. Looſe mee now,
And let me make you faſt. Here ioyne your hands,
Which no age ſhall vnty. Let happineſſe
Diſtill from you, as the *Arabian* gummes,
To bleſſe your iſſue.
Fidel. Now I hope, ſweet Lady,
The time has put a period to your vow.
Fauſt. Tis ended now, and you may take a comfort,
That I could tye my ſelfe to ſuch a law.
For you may hope thereby, I ſhall obſerue you

With

With no leſſe ſtrict obedience.

Fide. I beleeue you.

Phil. And for her dowry, I will treble it,

Enter Snarle.

Heere *Snarle* is come to be a witneſſe to it.

Snarle. My Lord *Philautus*, if I may preſume
To congratulate your Honours ſafe returne,
I muſt confeſſe, I doe it with my heart,
And all your friends long to participate
Your happy preſence.

Phil. Thankes both to them and thee.

Snarle. Maſter *Fidelio*, no leſſe to you.
I ſee you happy in your Miſtris fauour
And thats as much, as I can wiſh to you.

Fidel. You haue bin alwaies priuy to my counſell,
Aske me no queſtions now, I ſhall reſolue you
When we come in.

Phil. How fares our Campe at home,
Trimalchio, and the reſt?

Snarle. I haue beene buſie,
In proiecting for them, they muſt all bee married.
I haue ſeene the interlude of the Leager:
And we haue playd the Iuſtice, and the Conſtable;
I will not prepoſſeſſe you with the ſport,
But I will ſhew you ſuch a ſcene of laughter.

Phil. Where is *Ardelio*?

Snarle. Your ſeruant *Ardelio*.
Tis the notoriouſt mixture of a villaine,
That euer yet was bred vnder the dunghill
Of ſeruitude. Hee has more whores at command,
Then you haue horſes. He has ſtables for them,
His priuate vawting houſes.

Phil. Diſcharge him the houſe.
Take his accounts and office, and diſpoſe them.

Snarle. Euer your Lordſhips true and faythfull ſeruant.

Actus 5 Scene 2.

Millesceni, Margery.

Milles. When was my Father, and the Captaine heere?

Marg. They are plotting abroad, I hope to see you shortly Honestly marryed, and then turne vertuous.

Milles. Tis the course of the world now, *Margery*. But yet I feare, I haue got such a tricke, When I was young, that I shall neuer leaue it.

Marg. What helpe then? the poore Gentleman must suffer, Good *Trimalchio*: tis his fate.

Milles. I am thinking, What I shall do with him, when I am marryed.

Marg. What do other women do with their husbands? Bring him vp in obedience, make him beside An implement to saue your reputation. Let him not presse into your company, Without permission, you must pretend, You are asham'd of him. Let him not eate, Nor lye with you, vnlesse he pay the hire Of a new gowne, or petticoate: line with him, As if you were his neighbour, onely neere him, In that you hate his friends: and when you please, To shew the power you carry ouer him, Send him before on foot, and you come after With your coach and foure horses.

Milles. Tis fitting so.

Enter Miscellanio.

H ost now what peece of motion haue wee heere? Would you speake with any body?

Miscel. My businesse, Is to the lady *Millescent*.

Milles. Whats your will?

Miscel. Are you that Lady?

Milles. Yes, my name is so.

Miscel. To you then I direct m' apologie.

It

t seemes your eye with approbation,
Has glanc'd vpon my person. I protest
I neuer was so dull in the construction
Of any Ladyes fauour in my life:
I am asham'd of my error. *Milles.* In what, sir?
I can not call to mind that ere I saw you,
Miscel. You haue beene still too modest to conceale it.
That was not my fault: you did ill to striue
To hide the flames of loue, they must haue vent:
Tis not the walls of flesh can hold them in.
Milles. What riddles haue we heere? that I should
I would not haue you thinke so wel of your selfe. (loue you?
Marg. Perhaps hee has some petition to deliuer,
Or would desire your letter to some Lord.
Miscel. I know not how, sure I was stupifyed,
I haue ere now gheft at a Ladyes mind,
Only by the warbling of her Luteſtring,
Kissing her hand, or wagging of her feather.
And suffer you to pine for my imbraces,
And not conceiue it?
Milles. Pray bee pacified.
This fellow will perswade me, I am in loue.
Miscel. Lady, you haue tooke notice of my worth.
Let it not repent you. Bee not stubborne
Towards your happinesse. You haue endur'd
Too much already for my sake, you shall see,
Pitty can melt my heart. I take no delight,
To haue a Lady languish for my loue.
I am not made of flint as you suspect mee.
Milles. I would thou wert conuerted to a pillar,
For a memoriall of this impudence.
Miscel. You shall know what tis to tempt me heereafter,
When I shall let you perish for your folly.
I came to remunerate the curtesie,
I receiu'd from your Ladiship.
Milles. I know of none.
Miscel. I must acknowledge my selfe bound to you
Milles. For what?
Miscel. Your Letter to the Iustice, Lady, It

It freed me from the pounces of those varlets,
When I was vnder the gripe of the Law.
I know, the onely motiue was your loue.

Mille∫. I cry you mercy, were you one of them
That drew *Trimalchio* to those idle courses?
I am ashamed of the benefit, leaue me e
That I may not see the cause of my sorrow:
But 'tis no matter, we shall leaue you first.

Exeunt Mille∫cent, Margery.

Miſcel. They shall find, I am no man to be slighted,
And that shee has misplac'd her affection.
When I haue wrackt the wrongs on my corriuall,
Trimalchio, looke to thy selfe, were hee remou'd,
There might be hopes, my valour shall make known
There is a difference. Ile straight to the tauerne:
And when I once am hot with good Canary,
I pronounce him dead that affronts my fury.

Actus 5. Scene 3.

Ardelio.

Turn'd out of seruice: the next turne will be
Vnder the Gallows, and haue a Ballad made of me,
The corruption of a cashear'd Seruing-man,
Is the generation of a thiefe. I feare,
My fate poynts me not out to so good fortune.
My bulke will not serue me to take a purse.
The best thing I am fit for, is a tapster,
Or else get a wench of mine owne, and sell
Bottell Ale and Tobacco, that's my refuge
They tearmd me parasite, 'tis a mystery
Is like a familiar, that leaues a man
When he is neere his execution.
I haue no power to flatter my selfe now,
I might haue gone a wooing to some widdow,
And had his countenance, but now the tenants
Looke like their Bacon, rustily, vpon me.

Enter

Enter Ieffry.

What, *Ieffery*! thou art the comfort of my woes:
Welcome, good *Ieffry*.

Ieff. Thankes to your good Worſhip;

Ard. Where are my hangings, *Ieffry*?

Ieff. Very wel, ſir.
Lockt in a *Cypreſſe* cheſt, for feare of Moths.

Aed. And all the other furniture good *Ieffry*.

Ieff. They are kept ſafe, and well ary'd for your Worſhip.

Ardel. Thanks, good *Ieffry*. I were in a ſweet caſe,
If I had not conuayd ſomethings away,
To maintaine mee hereafter.

Ieffry. Why ſo, ſir?

Ard. I may goſet vp bils now for my liuing.
Cry Vineger vp and downe the ſtreets; or fiſh
At blacke Fryers ſtayres; or ſit againſt
A wall, with a library of ballads before mee.

Ieff. You are not out of ſeruice.

Ard. Turn'd a grazing,
In the wide Common of the world, *Ieffry*.

Ieff. Then are my hopes at beſt, I haue no reaſon
To care for him any longer; a word with you.
What furniture do you meane?

Ard. Thoſe that I ſent,
The beds, and hangings.

Ieff. Did you ſend any ſuch?

Ardel. I hope you will not vſe mee ſo.

Ieff. Your owne words.
I muſt make the beſt benefit of my place:
You know, tis not an age to bee honeſt in.
Tis the only high-way vnto pouerty.
I know not how, I do not fancy you
Of late.

Arde. I choſe thee for thy knauiſh looke.
And now thou haſt requited meet of all
My euils, thou art the worſt.

Ieff. No fayth, ſir.
You haue a worſe commodity at my houſe.
But you may ſaue the charges of a writ.

I'll

Ile send her you without reprieue or bayle.
I doe you that fauour.

Ard. No, you may keepe her still.

Ieff. My thinkes you are much deiected with your fall,
I finde an alteration in your face.
You looke like an Almanacke of last yeeres date.
Or like your liuery cloake, of two yeeres wearing.
Worse then the smoaky wall of a bawdy-house.

Ard. Villaine, dost thou insult on me?

Ieff. No fayth sir,
Alasse, tis not within the reach of man,
To countermine your plots.

Ard. Well, slaue, because
Ile rid my hands of thee, Ile giue thee a share.

Ieff. You must haue none, without lawfull proceeding.
And that I know, you dare not.

Enter Snarle, and Officers.

Snarle. But I dare.
Haue you beene partners all this while in mischiefe,
And now fall out, who shall bee the most knaue?

Ieff. What doe you meane?

Snarle. I meane to search your house
For ammunition, no otherwise,
Which I suspect you send vnto the Leager.

Ieff. Sir I haue nothing there, but one crackt piece
Belongs to this Gentleman, can doe no seruice.
She is spoyld in the bore.

Snarle. Wee'l haue her new cast.
Come, bring them away.

Ard. Nay good sir, you know,
That I was lately quit before a Iustice.
And if I fall in a relapse.

Snarle. Al's one
To me, but you must satisfie the Law.

Ard. Well then, I know the worst of it.

Actus 4. Scene 4.

Agurtes, Antolicus.
Trimalchio, Capritio.

Agur. Master *Trimalchio*, 'tis an age since I saw you.
Trim. I was nere out of towne.
Agur. Not out of towne?
We sought you about all the Ordinaries,
Tauernes and Bawdyhouses, we could imagine
You euer haunted.
Trim. You might haue found vs then.
Antol. Nay more, we inquir'd at the Play-houses.
Agur. 'Twas once in my minde, to haue had you cryed.
Antol. We gaue you lost.
Trim. Well, shall I tell you, Captaine?
Antol. I; doe, what is't?
Trim. This Gentleman and I
Haue past through purgatory, since I saw you.
If I should tell you all the passages
At the Leager.
Antol. Thither we came to meete you,
And you were gone.
Capr. And then at the Iustices.
Agur. Were you before the Iustice?
Trim. 'Tis such a story
Would fill a Chronicle.
Capr. We met with a party of the enemies,
Tooke all we had from vs, and then it cost vs
Forty shillings in fees at the Iustices.
Agur. That was hard dealing.
Capr. The old boy and I
Grew to be kin at last.
Trim. He made me sure
To my mistris, before we parted.
Agur. How?

By what ſtrange accident?

Trim. Honeſt *Ardelio*,
And *Miſcellanio*, wee were all to gether
In rebellion, and quit by a Letter,
That came from my miſtreſſe.

Agur. Iſt poſſible?
And *Miſcellanio* turne traytor?

Trim. What.

Agur. Would haue your miſtreſſe from you, thinkes the
Was ſent for his ſake. (Letter

Trim. That I am ſure hee does not.

Agur. Threatens, and ſweares that he wil fight for her,

Trim. If hee bee weary of his life, hee may.
Why what can hee pretend to her?

Agur. I know not,
What has paſt betweene them, but I am ſure,
He has beene practiſing at the Fencing ſchoole,
To get a trick to kill you.

Trim. Hee kill mee!
I'll kill him firſt. I fight by Geometry.

Agur. How? By Geometry?

Trim. Yes ſir, heere I hold
My Rapier, marke mee, in a diameter
To my body; thats the center, conceiue mee.

Antol. Your body is the center, very good.

Trim. And my hilt, part of the circumference.

Antol. Well ſir.

Trim. Which hilt is bigger then my body.

Anto. Then your whole body?

Trim. Yes at ſuch a diſtance.
And hee ſhall neuer hit mee, whilſt hee liues.

Antol. Where did you learne this? At the leager?

Trim. No.
No by this light: it is my owne inuention.
I learnt it in my trauels.

Anto. Very ſtrange:
You are a ſcholler.

Tri. No: I would not bee
ſuſpected of ſuch a crime for a Million.

But tis no ſinne to know Geometry;
And by that, I can tel wee ſhal nere fight.
Antol. Not fight at all?
Trim. I ſhew you in Geometry,
Two paralels can neuer meet now wee two
Being paralels, for ſo wee are, that is
Equal in wit and valour, can neuer meet.
And if wee neuer meet, wee ſhal nere fight.

Enter Miſcellanio.

Antol. To proue your axiome falſe, ſee where hee comes.
Trim. I do defy him.
Miſcel. Hang thee bluſtring ſonne
Of *Æolus*, defy me! I'll tye vp thy breath
In bags, and ſell it for a penny an ounce.
Antol. Draw ſir.
Miſcel. Draw if hee dares!
Capri. Sure, this is the ſecond part of the Leager.
Twere beſt for me, to hide mee in my cabin.

Exit Capritio.

Miſcel. Wil you reſigne your miſtreſſe?
Trim. No, I ſcorne it.
Miſcel. Vnleſſe you'l haue her tane away by force.
Antol. I ſee, this cannot be ended without bloud.
Trim. Captaine, a word with you.
Anto. What ſay you ſir?
Trim. I am afrayd he comes with the blacke art.
Antol. How you afrayd? do not ſay ſo for ſhame.
Trim. Hee has layne with an old witch at *Sweden*.
And is growne ſticke free.
Antol. Fy that you ſhall ſay ſo.
Trim. I'll be reſolu'd of that before I fight.
Antol. Why, do you thinke that witches haue ſuch power?
Trim. I marry do I, I haue knowne one of them,
Do more then that, when her husband has followed
Strange women, ſhee has turnd him into a Bezer,
And made him bite out his owne ſtones.
Antol. Tis ſtrange!
Trim. I'll tell you another as ſtrange as that, of one

When a Vintner has ſent her but ill wine,
Shee has conuerted him into a Frog.
And then coniur'd him into one of his butts,
Where hee has liued twelue moneths vpon the lees,
And when his old gheſts chance to come to ſee him,
Hee has croackt to them, out at the bunghole.
Antol. This is miraculous.
Trim. There was a Lawyer
That ſpoke againſt one of them at the barre,
Antol. What did ſhee then?
Trim. Turnd him into a Ram,
And ſtill that Ram retaynes his profeſſion,
Has many Clients, and pleads cauſes as well
As ſome Lawyers in Weſtminſter.
Anto. Do you thinke,
That hee has had recourſe to any ſuch?
Trim. I know not, but tis good to bee miſtruſtfull,
Hee may haue aduantage in the encounter.

Enter Millefcent. Margery.

Miſcel. There ſhe comes, winne her, and weare her.
Milleſ. Hold your hands.
I'll haue no bloud a prologue to my wedding.
Trim. Nay then haue at you. Hold mee not, I ſay:
I am as fierce as hee.
Milleſ. Bee pacified.
I thought you had beene both bound to the peace.
Antol. Lady, it ſeemes, that theſe two Gentlemen
Do ſtand in competition for your loue.
Milleſ. Mr. *Trimalchio*, I confeſſe, has beene
A former ſuitor, but with his ill carriage,
He has thus long preuented his good fortune.
Antol. Then let mee make a motion.
Milleſ. What is it?
Antol. Will they both ſtand to it?
Trim. I agree.
Miſcel. And I.
Antol. Then let the Lady diſpoſe of her ſelfe.
Trim. Shee is mine already. I am ſure to her,

Before

Before a Iustice.

Miscel. I will haue no woman,
Against her will.

Millef. No sir, nor you shall not,
Since you are so peremptory, on your words then
That hee shall sing a Palinodium,
And recant his ill courses, I assume
My Loue *Trimalchio.*

Capritio peeps out.

Capri. Do wee take, or are we taken?

Trim. Nay, wee do take.

Agur. Who's that, *Capritio?* where haue you beene?
Come your wayes forth, and lay hands on the spoyle,
Goe lead away that Lady by the hand.
Now you may take occasion by the foretop,
Aduance your owne predominant the better,
And march away,

Trim. Come, let vs to the Church.

Exeunt.

Trimalchio, Millescent.

Capritio, Margery.

Miscel. And what must I do now? bee laught at?

Agur. Would you
Hazard your selfe, for one that cares not for you?
You may be glad you scap'd. Recall your selfe,
Were not you formerly engagd?

Miscel. No, neuer.

Agur. Not to mistris *Quartilla?*

Miscel. Fayth we haue toy'd
In iest sometime.

Agur. Let it bee now in earnest.
Make her amends. I know shee loues you.

Miscel. Well.
I will haue her, and stand vp for my portion,
With the rest of my tribe.

Actus 5. Scena vltima.

Snarle, Philautus.

Snarle. Stay heere a little, they are gone to Church,
And will returne in couples. Firſt, *Trimalchio*,
That Gyant in conceit, thinkes he is matcht
To ſome great heire, but ſhall imbrace a cloud
In ſtead of *Iuno*. Then her waiting woman,
Her *Iris*, reflects vpon *Capritio*,
And for my piece of fragmentary Courtſhip,
My *Miſcellany* Gentleman, 'tis his lot
To bee caſt vpon *Quartilla* with *Agurtes*
In his old Iuſticeſhip. All theſe march together,
Like the ſeuen deadly ſinnes, and behind them,
Comes *Antelicus*, the clarke of the company.

Enter Agurtes like a Iuſtice.
Trimalchio, Milleſcent. } *Capritio, Margery,*
Miſcellanio, Quartilla, } *Antelicus like a Clarke.*

Antel. Looke you ſir, here they come.
Trim. Make roome, me thinkes
You ſhould not ſtop the courſe of Iuſtice ſo.
My Lord *Philautus*, you are welcome from
The Warres, and I from the Church. I wonder
Who makes the better returne, you haue got
Honour, and ſo haue I. But wher's your wealth?
I can imbrace fiue thouſand pounds, a yeere.
That's nothing with you, I haue no more wit,
Then to be pil'd by pimpes, and marry whoores,
Yet I meane ſhortly to ranke with your honour.
Here is my warrant, I haue promiſd her,
To make her a Counteſſe, but thats nothing with you,
Nay, more then this. I can goe on, and leaue
Some aduancement behind me. *Ecce ſignum,*

Phil.

Phil. Tis well, I am glad of your happineſſe;
And much ioy to my brother *Capritio*,
And his faire ſpouſe.
Capri. She is according to
My hearts deſire, ſir.
Snarle. Well, a word with you,
Maſter *Trimalcho*, and the reſt.
Trim. What ſay you?
Snarle. You were as good know it at firſt, as at laſt.
You are not the firſt, that haue beene deceiued.
Trim. In what? my wife? I married her for a mayd.
And whether ſhe be one, or no, I care not.
Snarle. Nay, ſhould I heare a man that ſhould abuſe her
In that, I would defend her with my ſword.
But ſhe and you muſt call this man your father.
Trim. I ſo ſhe muſt, hee gaue her at the Church.
Snarl. Nay, her owne naturall father, fleſh and bone,
I hope ſhee'l not deny it.
Milleſ. No indeede, ſir.
I would not liue to be ſo vngracious.
Agur. I muſt acknowledge thee my child, or I
Should doe thy mother wrong.
Trim. I doe not thinke ſo,
You'l not make me beleeue that I tooke her
For a Lords daughter, and a great heire. Where are
Agurtes and the Captaine to iuſtifie it?
Is hee your father?
Milleſ. He has euer bred mee ſo
And I haue alwayes cal'd him ſo. I hope
It is no ſhame my parentage is honeſt.
Trim. Well, if hee bee, tis no diſparagement,
To marry a Iuſtices daughter.
Snarle. Come, you haue
Beene carryed hoodwinkt through this buſineſſe.
Nor is the day yet cleere before you. Marke mee;
I'll open but one leafe in all the booke,
And you ſhall ſee the whole diſcouery.

Come

Come ſir, vncaſe.

Agurtes and Antolicus pull off there diſguiſes.

Trim. Who haue we heere? *Agurtes*
And the Captaine? Was't you that playd the Iuſtice?
And you his clarke?

Snarle. And I the Conſtable.

Trim. Then you are a knot of knaues for your labour.
Now I perceiue that I am playnly guld.

Capt. I am glad ther's no man cheared but himſelfe.

Snarle. Your arrow is one of the ſame quiuer too.

Trim. Ile none of her by this light.

Agur. Why, you may chuſe.
And yet I doe not well ſee, how you can chuſe.
She is your wife, and you haue married her,
And muſt allow her meanes to maintayne her.
You may declare your ſelfe vnto the world,
And beſeught as but keepe your owne counſell,
And who needs know of it?

Phil. Beleeue me ſir,
The Gentlewoman is not to be deſpiſde,
Her wit and vertues are dowry ſufficient.

Trim. Nay, if you ſay ſo, then muſt I needs loue her:
But by this hand, I thought you would haue ſeer'd me.

Phil. Hold on your courſe, march on as you came in,
And reſt content, ſince fate has thought it fit,
To make your fortunes equall with your wit.

FINIS.

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